The assembly-line chicken: How agribusiness laid an egg
Hypnotism ☐ Disastrous disaster movies ☐ West Coast secessionists

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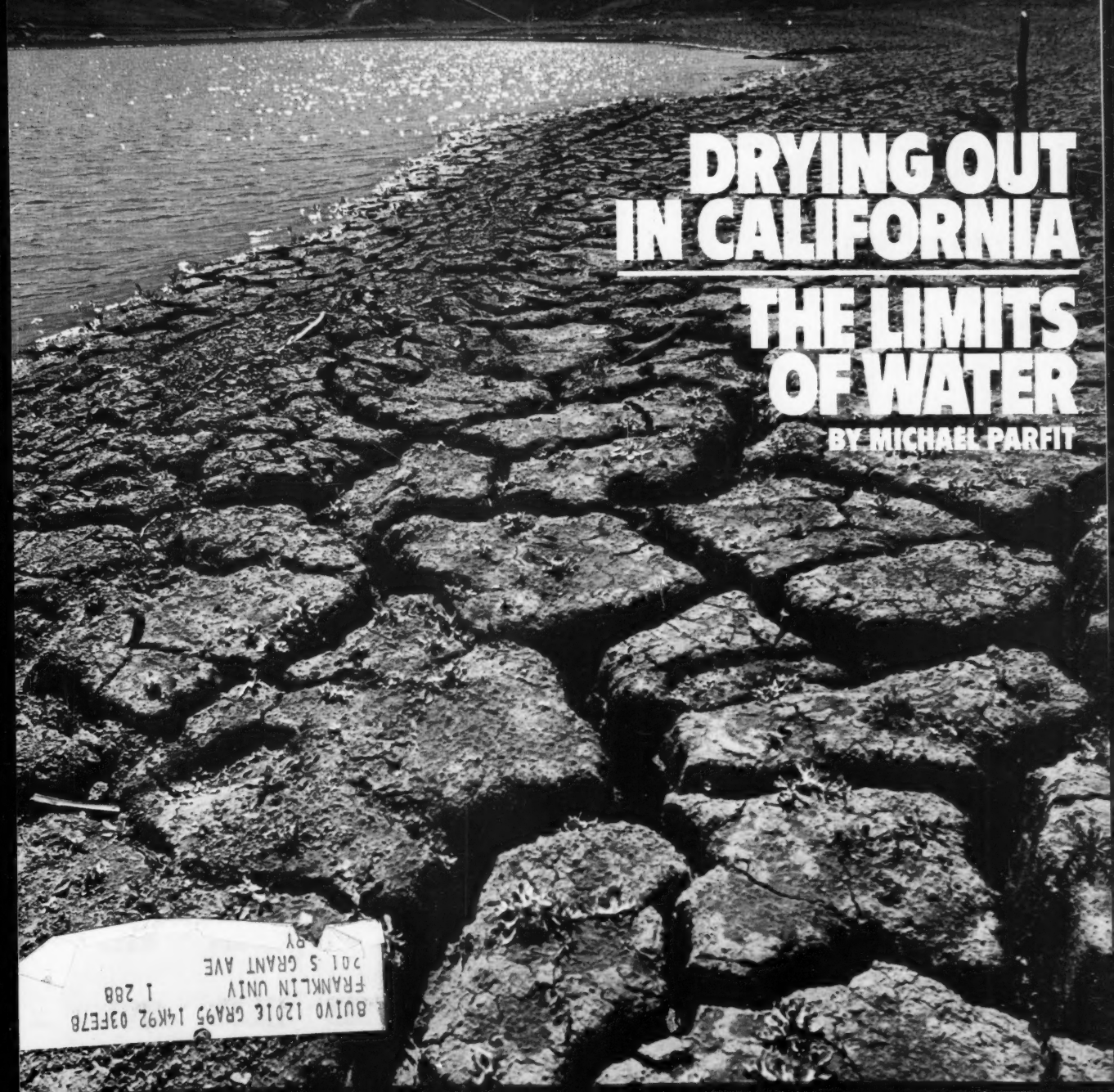

DRYING OUT IN CALIFORNIA

THE LIMITS OF WATER

BY MICHAEL PARFIT

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Riunite's No. 2 son is White.

Everyone the world over knows Riunite's No. 1 Son. Red. The wine that has wet the lips of the world's greatest lovers and won a gold medal year after year, every year, in Italy—where wine is second nature and Riunite is first choice.

But many young lovers are discovering a new chill in our Riunite. It's in the White. Soft, semi-dry and so delicious.

Like the Red and the Rosé, Riunite White is pure and natural. Like you, they're both ready and right for today and tonight.

It's only natural.

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"I LOST TWELVE POUNDS, WITH THE ULTIMATE DIET SUPPLEMENT. THEN WHEN THEY MADE IT EASIER TO SWALLOW, I LOST SIXTEEN MORE."

I tried the product. And promptly lost 12 pounds. Now I'm a diet expert – having been on all of them – and I knew that weight loss will vary depending on the person, how fat they are and how much exercise they get. Twelve quick pounds is some weight loss, but frankly, I started to get tired of the diet. It wasn't because I got hungry or anything like that. It was mixing up all the powder, taking all pills, the mess, the bother and not to mention the taste. After 12, I called it quits.

THE NEW IMPROVED ULTIMATE DIET SUPPLEMENT WAFER.

Then, I found out that the Ultimate Diet Supplement has been improved. Now the whole shooting match is in a wafer form. It's a two bite wafer. And it tastes great – malt flavor. Plus they have a new diet plan for people like me who only need to lose another 10-30 pounds. With it I get the rapid weight loss of a modified fast without hunger. And I eat six ounces of meat or fish along with two salads and three ounces of cottage cheese.

Until now all low carbohydrate protein supplements tasted like chalk. Good tasting protein supplements were all high in carbohydrates. If the protein supplement is high in carbohydrates, you won't lose weight quickly. And if you try to go on a fast without enough supplemental protein, you can have real problems.

Also, most protein supplements don't contain any of the vitamins and minerals or calcium and potassium needed by dieters.

The Ultimate Diet people solved all those problems at once with the Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafer. It's low in carbohydrates, high in protein and packed with vitamins, minerals and calcium and potassium.

Twelve good tasting Ultimate Diet Wafers a day in combination with six ounces of the meat or fish protein that Nature does best, provide you with all the protein needed. Those twelve wafers are easy to carry, and full of the vitamins and minerals other diets don't give you. The Protein Sparing Modified Fast is one of the most rapid forms of weight loss known. Now with the Ultimate Diet Wafers you can lose pounds quickly, easily and tastily.

There are just a couple of points to remember.

BEFORE **AFTER**

1. PROTEIN.

Be sure to use all of a day's Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers and eat all that's allowed on the supplemental program. Your body requires a total of 75 grams a day of protein.

2. VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

They are ultra-important. The Ultimate Diet Wafers contain 20 different types. Don't try a diet without them. The Wafers also contain calcium and potassium which people on a modified fasting diet require.

3. WATER.

On the modified fast, I learned that I was "washing my troubles away." Most of my weight loss was flushed from my body as waste material through the kidneys. That requires water, lots of it – 10 to 12 glasses a day. (It was really easy when I spaced them throughout the day.)

4. DOCTOR.

I knew that being overweight was just like being sick. I was unhealthy. And since I was in an unhealthy condition, I went to see my doctor before I started the diet. He told that if I had "gout," "uremia," or if I was pregnant, I should not start the diet. Since I checked out okay, he gave me his go-ahead. Following the simple rules of the Ultimate Diet Supplement made a modified fast not only possible and tasty but actually down right easy.

There was nothing to measure, nothing to stir-up. Nothing to count but the weight I was losing. All the exact portions have been figured out for me. The protein, carbohydrates, the vitamins and minerals, and the calcium and potassium.

All in an easy-to-take wafer form.

It worked for me. It can work for you. (Frankly, I've got another 7-10 pounds I really need to lose, and I am going back on the diet next week. It's really nice to know that there is a diet plan that you can stick with that works, and can always go back to and lose any extra pounds you might put back on.)

DOCTOR DESIGNED FOR OBESE PEOPLE.

For the people with more than 30 pounds to lose (like me before going on the Ultimate Diet) a program using 24 Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers a day has been designed by a doctor. It provides everything your body needs for a complete modified fast. So if you need to lose over 20 pounds fast, all you need is 24 wafers and 2 salads a day – plus your doctor's approval. (Anything that is good enough to knock off 50-100 pounds is a breeze when you've only got 10 to go like me.)

The sooner you send for the Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers, the sooner you can get on your own modified fast. The sooner you do, the sooner you can expect help in changing your life – you have only those excess pounds to lose.

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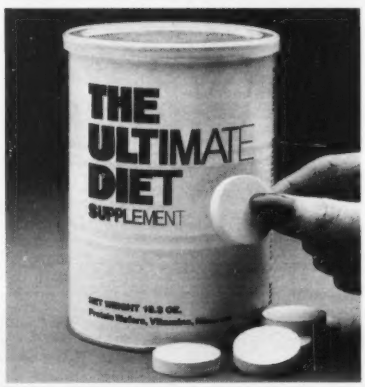

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Plus $0.75 for postage and handling. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I can return for complete and prompt refund.

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APRIL 29, 1977
VOLUME 8, NUMBER 9

New Times

The sociology of the blender

The odd metamorphosis of the American blender. Or, how many ways can you say puree?

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

California dreamin': the waterworks mirage

The drought, which has laid waste to millions of dollars worth of crops and set an entire population to taking sponge baths, hasn't dried up the enthusiasm of western water planners. Far from it. These men have grandiose visions of bigger aqueducts, dams, even an Alaskan connection.

By Michael Parfit

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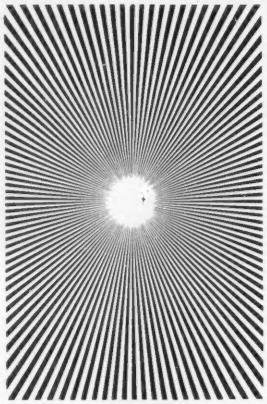

Self-hypnosis

Once the toy of magicians with gold watches, hypnosis has become a sort of psychic judo that can blot out pain during surgery, cure a fear of flying—even break a smoking habit.

By David Black

Page 37

Brave new chickens

Today in America, there may indeed by a chicken in every pot. But chances are that this pale-feathered biped has come no closer to a barnyard than the average New York pigeon. In fact, any resemblance between this agribusiness bird and its barnyard predecessor is purely coincidental.

By Stephen Singular

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Letters

Where there's smoke . . .

I just finished Michael Wolff's "Smoke City" (March 18), and if it didn't say House Springs, Missouri, I'd swear it was about Brandon, Vermont. Every word of the article was like everything I've seen in everyday life for the last couple of years. Which leads me to believe that the "mellowing out" of marijuana is felt across the whole nation.

Edmund Jankowski
Salisbury, Vermont

There's one thing you forgot to mention. Just how good is House Springs "home grown"? I'm wondering if their home grown is like their Sunday beer—3.2 only!

Judy Spaulding
Phoenix, Arizona

I'm not really sure if I believe that House Springs is as "whacked out" as Wolff writes—being a life-long Midwesterner and a marijuana smoker of four years standing, I find it rather unlikely that the evil weed flourishes among such people as those described. Still, the Midwest is full of surprises. . . .

There was one thing, though, that I did not like about the article: Wolff's comparing Hoosiers [natives of Indiana] with rednecks and speed trap cops. I'm a Hoosier and proud of it—and I'm certainly not a redneck or speed trap cop. Wolff presented a typically Eastern comparison.

Greg Malone
Evansville, Indiana

Mr. Wolff mentioned a Mobil Station; the station he referred to burned down two years ago. Here is a direct quote: "acres of cannabis growing nicely in the Midwest sun." We dare him to come here and find this alleged place. It seems he's the only one who saw it.

Greg Maloney and
Chris Oermann
Cedar Hill, Missouri

Never have I read such a grossly exaggerated, biased, unfounded piece of journalism.

In the 12 years I have lived near House Springs I have never seen a gas station attendant "toking up" or gone home and passed a joint around the supper table. The couple that Mr. Wolff allegedly interviewed are not typical residents of House Springs. In fact, I seriously doubt that they are typical of anything but Mr. Wolff's wild imagination. As for the danger of riding through House Springs in your "big, fat, Hertz rent-a-car," only a very neurotic person would find it a threat. This is not a community of pick-up trucks and mules. We do not sit around drooling over Cadillacs and Continentals as if they were creatures from Mars!

I don't know how or why House Springs was chosen to be "Smoke City," but I'm sure that Mr. Wolff's story would have been the same regardless of where he went to write it. I feel he must have had it written before his plane left New York. I hope the next time your magazine decides to pay rural America a visit it will send a reliable journalist and not a paranoid who upon leaving the big city expects to see the Hatfields and McCoys blazing away with guns—and who suspects Mammy Yokum of smoking a little more than tobacco in her corncob pipe.

I hope I have enlightened you on how degrading I feel Mr. Wolff's article is to our community, to your magazine and to journalism.

Charlene Smith
Fenton, Missouri

I have been a resident of Twin Rivers, Missouri, for three years, and although I frequent the tavern regularly I haven't found the conditions Mr. Wolff described. But I'm sure if Mr. Wolff would see fit to visit again, his reception might be closer to what he describes in his article.

Steven R. Buchholz
Eureka, Missouri

Rebirth and release

Jesse Kornbluth's article on rebirthing ("New hope for the dead," March 18) was almost true to *New Times* style as "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." I agree with Jesse that he flunked his rebirth. His article and his relationship to us is like his description of his birth history: "I was born underweight and premature." He stated that his rebirth actually caused him to lose weight and he quit rebirthing just short of completion—what we call the breathing release, reliving the first breath.

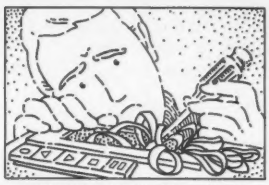
I love the honesty of his article, but I'd like to correct a few of his errors and omissions:

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



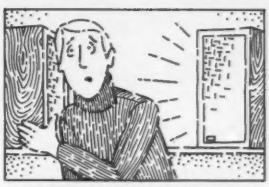
JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.

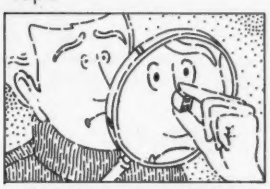
Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?



HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell is the only tape that has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack

DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And every inch of it is checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.

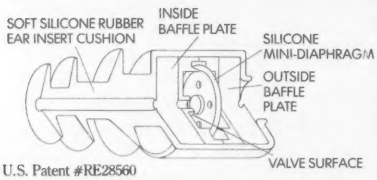
MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, N.J. 07074

Goodbye, noise hangover.

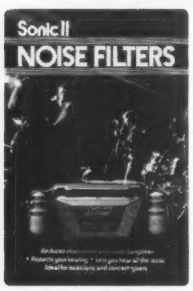
The new Sonic II Noise Filters not only improve your listening, they protect your hearing.

Sonic II Noise Filters... hearing protectors that are so effective they prevent the ringing in the ears, the headaches and discomfort – the noise hangover – after exposure to high volume rock, jazz, classics or blues.



U.S. Patent #RE28560

The new, patented Sonic II has a special, internal diaphragm that absorbs and reduces the high-energy impact of music impulses, while letting you hear even subtle tone variations. Now concert-goers can use the same hearing protectors worn by professional musicians and sound engineers.



Ask your music dealer for Sonic II Noise Filters, or send in the coupon below. *Dealer inquiries invited.*

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Please send _____ pair(s) of Sonic II Hearing Protectors @ $5.95/pair (plus 50¢ postage and handling). Enclosed is my check or money order for $ _____. California residents add 6% sales tax.

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There are no salaries. Each of my associates is a self-employed professional. We give a money-back guarantee on all our work; I give refunds cheerfully and without question. Our policy is that we only desire money that is given in love wisely. Rebirthing is not a ripoff as Jesse implied.

Most rebirthing is done without water, fully clothed. All you have to do is relax and breathe in the presence of a rebirther. It is only Jesse's fear of the breathing release that makes meditating on his breath boring to him. He told me that the reason he didn't complete it was because he was afraid to. The focus of rebirthing is release and pleasure. Most people experience very little pain and release their fears easily. I believe that pain does not lead to growth.

Considering that Jesse's article would have to be sarcastic in order to get published in *New Times*, I'd like Jesse to know that his article pleased me as well as his publisher.

Leonard Orr
San Francisco, California

Walters responds

Your Insider of April 15 quotes a so-called "social conversation" that I had with Senator Barry Goldwater. The entire conversation that you quote is fictitious. At no time did I ask Barry Goldwater that question nor did I ever receive the answer you state. I have not had any social conversation with the senator. There is not one bit of truth to your item.

Barbara Walters
New York City

Editor's note: We stand by the story. Our source for the item is a prominent political figure and recent presidential aspirant.

Pressing problems

I appreciate *New Times* printing the article on Martin Luther King ("A man he calls Raoul," April 1). Let's solve the assassinations, put the conspirators away and begin to solve our pressing problems—food, peace and justice.

Ron Cohen
Mt. Hood, Oregon

Sheer talent

I would like to thank Frank Conroy for his article on Keith Jarrett ("Mr. Epiphany," April 1), one of the truly great musicians of our time. In an age when commercial popularity is often a product of the super-hype and based on a faddish, cultish and even trashy appeal, it is highly reassuring to know that recognition is being given to someone who, by sheer virtue of his talent, deserves it.

Jane Berk
Teaneck, New Jersey

The Feds' role

I read with interest "The Mt. Kisco sting" (March 4). Although I do not wish to minimize the efforts of the Mt. Kisco Police Department or its contribution to the case, giving credit where credit is due requires a proper recognition of the dedication, initiative and personal efforts of the agents of the White Plains Office of the U.S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms (ATF).

The only law enforcement officer who was called as a witness at the trial was Special Agent Joseph Kelly of the ATF, because only he had a sufficient involvement in the case to enable him to testify to all facets of the investigation. Agent Kelly was ably assisted in his undercover work by ATF Special Agent Kenneth Waxman. By the time the investigation and prosecution were completed, approximately 35 special agents of ATF, supervised by Michael J. LaPerch, Thomas Higgins and William J. Rutigliano, had contributed their energy and talents to one of the most successful law enforcement operations in the history of the White Plains office.

Robert B. Fiske Jr.
United States Attorney,
Southern District of New York
New York City

Center of gravity

If you believe in the ideal of democracy, is not a president "standing at the center of gravity amid competing groups and the push and pull of public opinion" (Party Lines, April 1) the very definition of that ideal? The concept of the president as an imperial oligarch is antithetic to our constitution. Is not our president supposed to express the collective will of the people? A "Democratic Eisenhower" may prove a very beneficial thing to be.

Thomas H. Gough
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Correction

In "The Imperial Congress" (March 18), we incorrectly stated that two daughters of John H. Dent (D-Pa.) were employed on Capitol Hill by two of Dent's colleagues in the House—Richard Ichord (D-Mo.) and Robert Giaimo (D-Conn.). In fact, Dent has only one daughter, and she has never been employed on the Hill. We had it backwards; Dent has provided jobs for daughters of those two colleagues.

"Life passes you by so fast,
the least you can do
is enjoy the trip."

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When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE. MUSTANG II

Make your heart beat a little faster with this black and chamois Mustang II Ghia. Optional Ghia Sports Group features like painted cast aluminum spoke wheels, leather-strapped luggage rack and optional flip-up open air roof give it a very special look. That special Mustang look. And tracking the twists and dips of a challenging road has always been a pleasure in a Mustang II. Rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, wide stance, staggered shocks, and a slick floor mounted 4-speed make every model a sweet-handling machine.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

Party Lines

The Cuban connection/By Robert Shrum

Main Street, South Dakota, was flying to Havana, Cuba. Middle Americans, merchants and farmers from heartland places like Huron, Brookings and Vermillion, had paid $660 each for the chance to cheer their basketball team on a Cuban court—and not so incidentally (for it was the real purpose of the trip) to put their stamp of tolerance on Fidel Castro's revolution.

The captain announced landfall off the right side of the plane; it was Veradaro Beach, the very spot that, all those years, marked the beginning of Communism "only 90 miles from our shores." In the collective American consciousness, Cuba had been the phantasm of our worst cold war phobias, the Red Island of the Americas, almost as if the ground itself were red. From the air, in fact, it is—as red as the clay soil of Georgia. "Looks like good farm land to me," one South Dakotan remarked to another.

This reaction was more positive, to put it mildly, than that of many of George McGovern's constituents when he first visited Castro in May 1975. That also was the month immediately following America's final Indochina failure. The coincidence was significant, if politically inopportune: 12 years earlier, in only his second Senate speech, McGovern had warned against the dangers of a Vietnam war. His first speech, that same year, had opposed "our dangerous Castro obsession." Vindication on the Cuban issue had taken just a little longer. McGovern advocated a baseball exchange after his 1975 journey to Havana. His Senate colleague, Jim Abourezk, arranged for the basketball games a year ago, but the Ford Administration halted them in its struggle to halt Ronald Reagan. But this February, the new Secretary of State approved the idea. Basketball diplomacy, as it inevitably came to be called, thus became the high water mark of minidetente in the Caribbean.

Yet the Cubans took advantage of the basketball trip to remind U.S. officials that the tide of detente could still be halted or even turned. The night before the first game, Raúl Castro, Fidel's younger brother and the second most powerful man in Havana, told the Communist Youth Congress that the Cubans had done their part to reopen relations with the United States. They have welcomed senatorial, journalistic and private visitors. They signed an anti-hijacking agreement in 1973, assuming that this would lead to further progress. But there have been only talks, not results, since then, and the pact expired this month. It is time, Raúl suggested, that the Carter Administration move beyond the preliminaries of sports diplomacy to the real thing: lifting the trade embargo and fully normalizing relations. Three days later, on April 7, McGovern, Abourezk and Wisconsin Congressman Les Aspin spent four hours with Raúl. While he was receptive to continued informal contacts, Castro the younger made it clear that Havana will not renew the anti-hijacking agreement under existing diplomatic conditions.

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Give me an "S": The McGoverns watch basketball diplomacy in action

On April 9, during a four-and-a-half-hour session with McGovern, Fidel Castro agreed to invite an all-star baseball squad to Cuba instead of the New York Yankees, his original choice. The Cuban basketball team, he promised, would return South Dakota's visit, probably with additional games at another midwestern school and in the Southwest. But he adamantly linked the anti-hijacking pact to the embargo: the United States could no longer have both. Fidel's minimal demand was partial resumption of trade. Earlier, Raúl had predicated the pact's renewal on U.S. action to curb exile terrorism.

The Cubans believe that they already have been more than conciliatory. At one time, Raúl told his congressional guests, Washington had offered a $100,000 bounty to anyone hijacking a Cuban plane. He claimed that, while privately negotiating with Havana, the Ford Administration dispatched 17 spy flights over Cuba—a charge the Carter Administration has not denied. It is the persistence of just such espionage that enables many Cubans to believe the worst about the United States; many are convinced, for example, that it was the CIA that plotted the bombing of a Cubana Airlines DC-8 last October, a bombing that killed all 73 passengers. A few months earlier, the CIA had ordered an agent in Havana to compile a detailed schedule of a pending Castro journey abroad. But the man was a double agent for the Cubans, and Castro views the episode as an indication of probable CIA complicity in the DC-8 tragedy. (The CIA—which Castro says has bungled 23 assassination attempts on his life—sent the agent another assignment two days after Fidel blew his cover before 1.25 million Cubans gathered in Havana's Revolution Square.)

According to Abourezk, Raúl heatedly asserted American responsibility for the airplane bombing. "I cannot believe even Ford or Kissinger would do that," he told his congressional visitors, "but I think the CIA did it on its own." McGovern, Aspin and Abourezk replied, with their fingers crossed, that new checks and balances prevent rogue CIA operations, and that the incident almost certainly was the dirty work of exile extremists acting alone. In his conversation with McGovern, Fidel did not "wish to belabor the question." If the perpetrators were in fact exiles previously in the CIA's employ, he challenged, then "the U.S. created these monsters; it's up to the U.S. to control them."

The CIA issue resulted in one especially chilling moment with Raúl. "If they had ever killed Fidel," he said, "and I was convinced that your president ordered it, then on my honor"—the Cuban raised his hand—"I can assure you that if it took the rest of my life, he would have died too. And we had the means to do it." Fidel told McGovern that he himself never brooded over John Kennedy's possible responsibility for the assassination plots. Revenge would have been foolish; for one thing, Fidel said, the alternatives to JFK seemed then to be so much worse for Cuba.

Clearly, U.S.–Cuban relations

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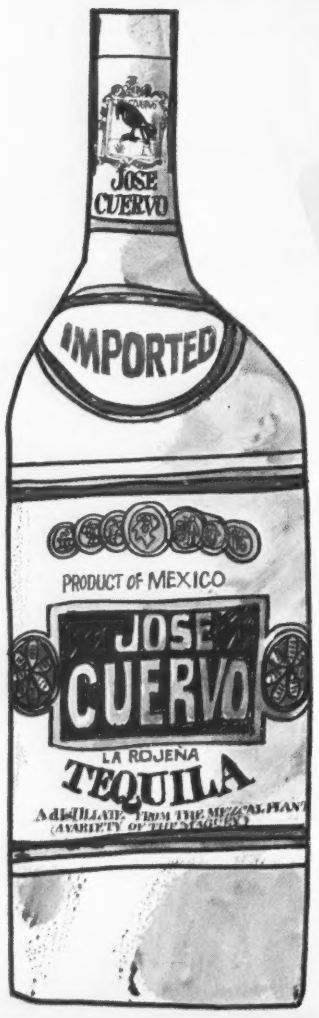

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have come a long way since U.S. gunmen used to go hunting for the Cuban head of state. But the Carter Administration has refused to take the giant step of lifting the embargo, which McGovern publicly recommended during the basketball trip. A State Department official on the trip confided that the Administration would not modify the embargo at this time. Washington prefers, he said, to negotiate narrower agreements on anti-hijacking and fishing rights—precisely the deal the Cubans say they will not make; he hinted that complete normalization depends on Cuba's human rights and African policies.

Fidel Castro indignantly told McGovern that he will abide no instruction on human rights from the United States, which he identified as the friend and financier of repressive regimes around the world. During a 15-minute monologue, he recited a long history of American transgressions in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. He talked of the hundreds of thousands killed and napalmed there. He compared his record of social justice with the pre-revolutionary horrors of the Batista regime, supported by U.S. arms and aid. "By the time he finished," McGovern says, "you wonder—what the hell did I bring this up for?"

But Castro was not quite finished. "Not one single prisoner has ever been tortured," he insisted, in the entire 18 years of the revolution. The premier may have been exaggerating, but perhaps not by much. I spoke with one Cuban, otherwise lukewarm toward the Castro regime, who reported that a close friend released after a 14-year term for anti-Castro violence was never tortured while in prison and knew of no instances of torture.

In any event, the Cubans ask, where else but Cuba has the United States conditioned trade and diplomatic recognition on human rights? And what of Korea and the Philippines, where there have been aid increases, not reductions, let alone an embargo?

The Cubans especially resent the double standard applied to their African alliances. Raúl Castro argued that they have troops in Angola pursuant to a treaty with the universally recognized government of that country—the same kind of legitimacy U.S. forces have in Germany. The Cubans did not deploy units in Angola until Zaire intervened on the other side; they are now reducing their Angolan garrison, Raúl continued, and no Cubans are participating in the rebel invasion of Zaire. Havana did not even learn of it in advance. Cuba, he concedes, has military missions of 10 to 50 men in a number of other African countries—just as the United States has larger military aid contingents in scores of nations.

It is hard to refute the logic of the Cubans' case—that they have as much right as the U.S. to form alliances and to give aid, that they are no worse on civil liberties than many of our best foreign friends and surely better than some of them. The Cubans will get by without our trade and tourism if they must; they will live partly on their national pride—as they have had to since 1961.

And without the Cuban connection the United States will continue to forfeit a $700–$800 million annual market. In effect, the embargo is an export license for the Japanese and the rest of the industrial West. On the basketball excursion, we stayed in a new hotel where the air conditioners are Sony and the elevators are Hitachi. We saw factory machinery from France and Germany as well as the Soviet Union. Our tour buses were from . . . Spain!

Following the basketball games in Havana, a New York sportswriter complained that instead of sending South Dakota, which lost both times, we should have picked Marquette. I was rooting for our side, but maybe just this twice it was appropriate for the Americans to lose. At a luncheon on the day of the second game, Castro's Minister of Education drew a map of the Bay of Pigs battle, where he served as the Cuban commander. Glancing over his shoulder, McGovern dryly commented: "I want to watch this so we do it right the next time." There will, of course, be no next time. Against all the odds, the CIA has lost, and Fidel Castro has won.

The basketball diplomats and their home state cheering section seemed to understand this far better than the State Department diplomats back in Washington. Gordon Magnusson, a conservative dentist from Rapid City, reversed the cliche of the 1960s: "It makes all sorts of sense to me that if we recognize the Soviet Union and China, we certainly should recognize what's 90 miles off our shores." Steve Brown, a tough little guard who led the North Central Conference in scoring this year, was smiling after that second defeat in Cuba. "Not even losing by 19 points was embarrassing," he said, standing at midcourt. Suddenly four of his teammates appeared on the now empty top row of the Havana arena. They stood under a giant portrait of Che Guevara and waved for the cameras. George McGovern looked up and laughed: "They must be running for office in South Dakota."●

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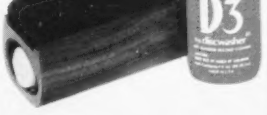

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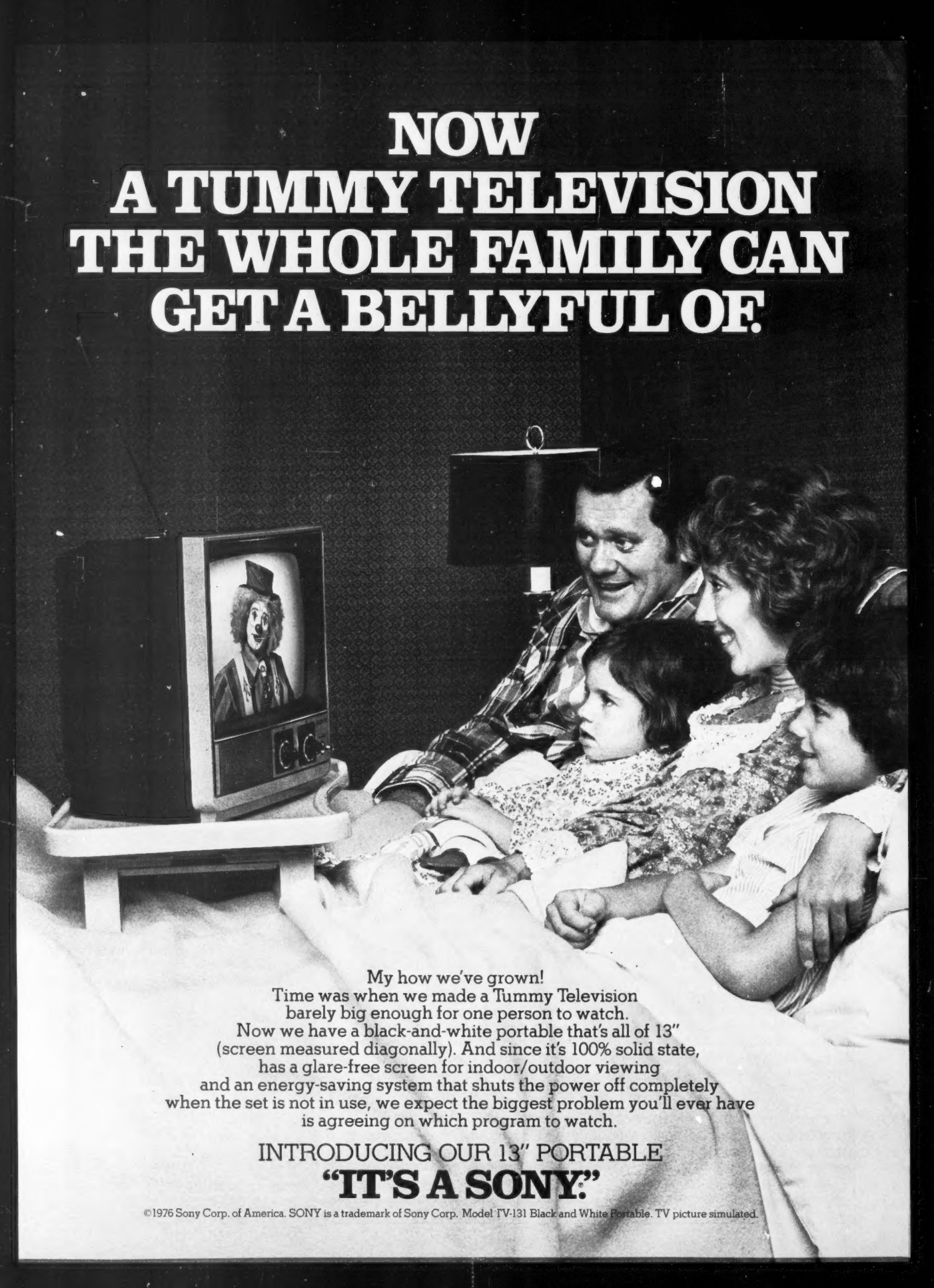

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The Insider

Birthing the cruise missile/The Dawson Boys' trial

Politics

If you want it done right . . .

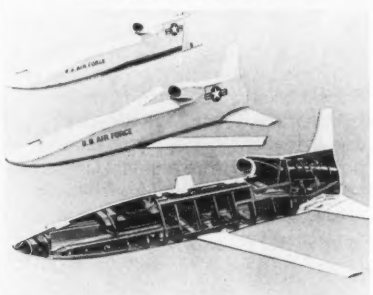
Despite the fact that its announced stars are Cyrus Vance and Andre Gromyko, the SALT talks in Geneva next month may have a walk-on appearance by Jimmy Carter. The final decision on a Carter trip to Geneva hasn't been made, but sources say contingency preparations were begun March 30, the day the Moscow talks collapsed. Carter is expected to be in London anyhow this May for the International Economic Conference.

. . . Do it by remote control

A sticky point of contention in the background of the late, collapsed SALT talks was the little but fearsome cruise missile. Originally introduced by Henry Kissinger at earlier negotiations, the missile had been brought in as a bargaining chip to be traded away.

Pentagon officials had shown sparse interest in the weapon, Kissinger told a closed Senate Foreign Relations bargaining committee last year, until he put cruise missiles on the SALT table. For one thing, they feared it might be regarded as superior competition to the hugely expensive B-1 bomber, undermining the B-1's chances for approval.

Kissinger did such a brilliant selling job on the cruise missile that not only the Soviets but the Pentagon bought his line. In fact, the more they thought about it, the less willing they were to trade away the cheap, astonishingly accurate, auto-piloted system in the current SALT talks.



Cruise missile: Suspect pawn

Henry's bluff suddenly became a very valuable hand, and the Pentagon wanted the B-1 *and* cruise missiles. Exasperatedly, Kissinger told his Senate listeners that some "crazy" people in the Pentagon wanted to build all conceivable weapons and were willing to trade away nothing for a reasonable SALT pact.

Balancing act

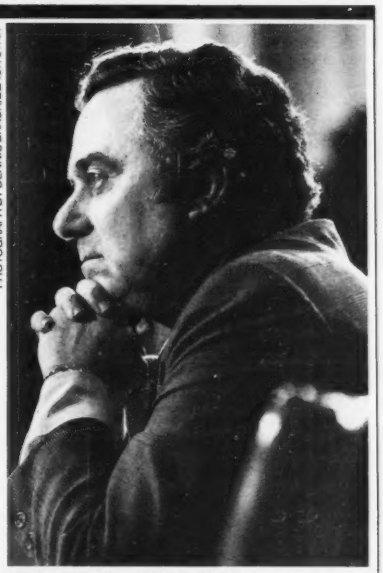
The Carter Administration is having tightrope trouble. Following the March defeat of the Common Situs picketing bill (which would have allowed construction unions to picket an entire building site in a dispute with one subcontractor), it was widely assumed that AFL-CIO leaders would abandon the effort to repeal 14b, the right-to-work section of the Taft-Hartley Act. But George Meany, more determined than ever, it turns out, decided to push for a repeal vote this May. Angry labor officials feel that, despite its formal backing, the Carter Administration let them down on the Common Situs issue, which both Budget Director Bert Lance and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal in effect disendorsed. Labor leaders want reparations, and they want them in the form of a total Carter effort on behalf of right-to-work repeal. Despite the trouble this would cause the President in the South, where it's said to be easier to defame General Lee's horse than assault right to work, labor is adamant, and Carter's delicate balance be damned.

Califano's caste plan

HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, slated to give the President his comprehensive welfare reform plays by May 1, may be delivering a hot package. In its current form, the Califano plan contains measures sure to anger proponents of civil rights and welfare rights, liberal Democrats, workers and labor leaders—one of whom says: "There will be hell to pay."

Part of the recommendation Califano will present is based on Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis' plans for a state program. Lately, President Carter has been listening to Dukakis, and praised him last month during his Clinton trip for helping to "solve the welfare problem." In a February 25 letter, Dukakis outlined his blueprints for Califano.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR



Califano: A newish deal

One Dukakis proposal would provide jobs to about 2,000 welfare fathers in Massachusetts through a state-mounted corporation that would contract private businesses to take on the welfare fathers. The cost of handling the 2,000 jobs would run around $6.5 million above normal welfare outlay. "It's subsidies to big business, welfare to the rich," says one Boston antipoverty lawyer who keeps a picture of Dukakis up as a dartboard.

More controversial is the "Workfare" prong of Dukakis' program. It would bind welfare fathers to a strict program of working off their grants doing ground-level work for the state. They wouldn't be able to earn more than their welfare grants, no steady jobs would be guaranteed to help the men off their welfare status and pay would be strictly minimum wage.

California and New York rejected similar programs as costly and ineffective, but Henry Aaron, the former Brookings economist who heads Califano's 29-member welfare-reform consulting group, says they will recommend a series of 14 proposals with a Dukakis-style work-related welfare plan as a centerpiece.

Aaron says that one Workfare version to be included puts welfare recipients to work for 32 hours a week at three-quarters the national minimum wage. "You're talking about creating a second-class labor force in this country," says one of the outraged

lawyers on the consulting team.

As with all make-work plans, the Dukakis proposal would be "very, very expensive," according to one consultant. Money goes toward administration instead of directly to the poor. Moreover, the federally employed would in many cases be doing work now done by members of municipal unions. Bitter opposition is expected from the unions. One help for Califano on that front may be Richard Warden, the HEW secretary of legislation who will be responsible with Aaron for selling the final welfare package: Warden is a former lobbyist with the United Auto Workers' Union.

—Bob Drogin

Rhodes' scholar

House Republican leader John Rhodes of Arizona has had to face the heat generated by his own words, only they weren't *really* his own words. Like most of Capitol Hill, when Rhodes decided to write his masterpiece, *The Futile System*, he hired a ghoster. Together, Rhodes and ghost attacked some big and close targets in the book. "The gentleman from Massachusetts," Rhodes once taunted House Speaker Tip O'Neill on the House floor, "will find some very interesting reading in that book."

O'Neill found it. The book called him gregarious, engaging and completely intransigent. He steamed back, "When President Ford took over I offered to sit down and compromise with him, but he was so conservative it was impossible. It's worse with John Rhodes." O'Neill then laid in his trademark backslap, or maybe just a slap—"But I think he's gregarious and engaging too."

However interesting O'Neill found his reading assignment, still more interesting was the identity of the author—$31,000-a-year Rhodes staffer J. Brian Smith. The public employee received no additional compensation for the private work, turning down Congressman Rhodes' offer of a share of the $8,000 royalties. So is a ghost yet another manifestation of our imperial congress? Smith concedes he did some of the work during his office hours, but claims this out: "I put in my 40 hours for the government." A staggered work schedule, Smith insists, allowed him to commit his daytimes to writing the boss' book.

—Howie Kurtz

WIDE WORLD

Rhodes: The hit man was a ghost

Seventies

The road from Dawson

The old yellow school bus filled with black schoolchildren paused at the railroad crossing in downtown Plains, Georgia, and the teenagers inside rubbernecked Main Street like tourists. Such busloads have become a common sight in Plains, but on this particular Saturday morning the presence of the Sardis Baptist Church bus from Dawson, 20 miles southwest, was unusual for two reasons.

For one thing, it wasn't going to Plains. It was just passing through the President's hometown on the road to Atlanta, where it would join a South-wide demonstration against the death penalty. For another, sitting in the back of the bus were the centerpieces of the demonstration, two young black men who stand accused of armed robbery and first-degree murder in their home Terrell County, where two lynching trees still stand as examples of separate-but-equal facilities.

The evidence linking them to the crime was supplied by Lynward "Tiny" Denton, who tells this story: Four black males entered his small crossroads store on January 22, 1976, put on ski masks and pulled a .25 caliber pistol on Denton and customer Gordon Howell, both white. One of the blacks then shot Howell in the head. The gang took $125 and two handguns before driving off in Howell's pickup truck.

Howell died that day. Three days later, Tiny Denton first identified Roosevelt Watson, 19, as the killer, and his brother Henderson, 20, as an accomplice. Other defendants later named were another pair of brothers, James E. ("Junior") and Johnny B. Jackson, and J. D. Davenport, a cousin—all of them in their teens. Together, they have come to be known as "The Dawson Boys."

Big holes in the state's case were quickly apparent. Two witnesses placed the boys four miles away at the time of the robbery, drawing water from a well. Only one palm print was found on the truck and it belonged to neither the boys nor Howell. The pickup was left on the Jackson brothers' front lawn—almost more to be seen, it seemed, than hidden. None of the boys had ever owned or had experience with guns. In any case, no weapons have been recovered. What's more, Denton's two-day delay in identifying Roosevelt and Henderson seems curious, since they were regular customers of his; they had a charge account at his store and last Christmas received quarts of beer from him. And Denton drove by two miles of homes with telephones—even though Howell was still alive—before he got to his own trailer and called the police.

"I know he's lying," says Roosevelt's flamboyant Southern Poverty Law Center attorney, Millard Farmer. "I can't discount the possibility he knows something that he ain't telling." Farmer is a member of the specialized Team Defense Project, which travels the South looking for near-hopeless death penalty cases to defend. Part of the defense in this case

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDY FOX

The Dawson Boys: Junior Jackson, Roosevelt Watson, their Attorney Millard Farmer at Atlanta rally

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will probably be claims of police misconduct. For instance, having guessed the missing guns had been submerged in a pond, Georgia Bureau of Investigations officers, according to Roosevelt Watson, took him there and told him he'd be castrated if he didn't wade out with them. Another Georgia investigator told Roosevelt that the blood of the murdered man had been found in the pockets of his jacket. It turned out that the blood was rabbit blood and the jacket was his brother-in-law's.

After 14 months in Terrell County jail, Junior Jackson was freed on $100,000 bond (half of which was furnished by the National Council of Churches) and, in a lime-green leisure suit, was riding the bus April 9 for his first trip to the big city.

Roosevelt, wearing a patched plastic jacket, told Junior how tall the buildings in Atlanta were and how he had gone to see Ray Charles when, after ten months in jail, he was released on bond himself and made a similar trip. (What he didn't tell Junior was that for 12 hours he had sat alone in his room in the YMCA petrified to walk the city streets, and called his lawyer to have him walk along to the bus station for the return trip to Dawson.) Like Junior, most of the other 18 young people on the bus had never set foot in a town bigger than Albany, Georgia, and were, as they boarded the bus in the predawn hours, apprehensive. Roosevelt, the veteran, dozed in his seat.

As soon as the bus pulled into the Martin Luther King Jr. Community Center to assemble for the march, the homemade placards ("No More Executions," "Let My Brother and My Cousin Go") came out. Roosevelt and Junior were accosted to sign a petition—which they couldn't read since they are both illiterate—against the death penalty, which they nonetheless face. Predemonstration business spun around them: organizers, hawkers and partisan pimps offering T-shirts and tracts explaining the Dawson Case.

In the line of march, the crowd took up the chant "Free the Dawson Five!" which made Roosevelt and Junior somewhat uncomfortable until, smiling at each other, they joined in. In the shadow of Tom Watson—celebrated Populist racist and Georgia Governor (in that order)—Junior spoke hesitantly to a crowd of 3,000 that included Tom Wicker and Ramsey Clark. "My name is James Edward Jackson Junior," he said. "I'm from Dawson, Georgia. I have a brother in jail and two friends too. I know how they feel in jail, being just out myself. I hope . . . I hope"—he spoke softly and shyly—"I hope all these people will get together and raise enough money to get them out soon." The 17-year-old said no more.

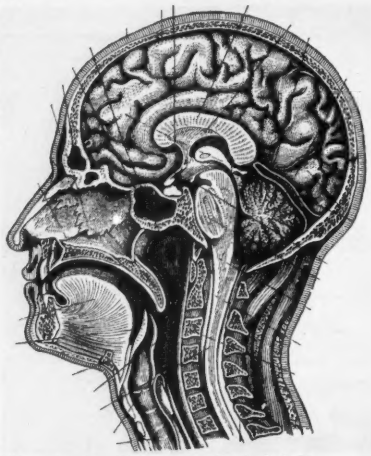
"We defend plenty of guilty people," says Farmer, "and make no bones about it. These boys just happen to be innocent, and we think we can prove it, even in Terrell County."

—Mark Pinsky

Mind & Body

Sanforized brains

When in 1971 a group of British doctors said they had evidence that prolonged marijuana use shrinks



THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Your brain: Dope won't shrink it

brains, pot-phobes leaped at the findings as proof that dope dulls you upstairs.

Now new tests by Washington University scientists have disproved the shrinkage theory. Twelve eminent potheads, each of whom had smoked at least five joints a day for at least five years, allowed the St. Louis scientists to bombard them with a sensitive new form of X-ray to scan their brain cavities. The heads were then compared to those of 34 men in a control group, none of whom had ever had marijuana. None of the brains showed signs of shrinkage, and the doctors came to an emphatic conclusion: "Extensive exposure to marijuana," they wrote, "does not cause cerebral atrophy."

Nor do nervous systems suffer from marijuana use, says a group of Harvard radiologists who examined the nervous systems of 19 habitual ingestors. The findings: no abnormalities, no diminished mentalities, no shrinkage.

Operations in vein

About the only way to get rid of varicose veins is to have them surgically removed. But complications often set in, many of them serious. And there is the hospitalization, expense and pain associated with any operation.

Now the British have come up with a promising nonsurgical cure. A small amount of a potent drug (sodium tetradecyl sulfate) is injected into the perforated veins, after which the leg is firmly bandaged for six weeks. When the bandages come off, strong two-way elastic stockings go on for four more weeks, or possibly longer. That's it. By then, according to British reports, even the largest bulging veins are gone—for good.

The new treatment, devised by London surgeon John Hobbs, has been used successfully on hundreds of patients without any serious side effects. But although it's catching on in Britain, it has yet to win acceptance here. One reason might be the glut of American surgeons. The U.S. has twice as many surgeons per capita as Britain. and studies show they have a hard time keeping busy. Moreover, in recent years removing varicose veins has become one of the 10 leading operations in the U.S.

The Word

Change partners . . .

Everyone knew that the Beach Boys had decided to switch labels, but Warners Records decided to throw one last "listening party" for the guys April 1 to push their last record for the company, *The Beach Boys Love You*. The disc title suggested a sentimental occasion, but everyone at the band's Santa Monica studio was a little tense. Brian Wilson, making his way back from some severe psychological problems would be making a rare public social appearance, and no one was sure how sturdy he was. Getting an invitation to this party was like

Beach Boys: Farewell to Warners

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learning the time and date of an accident that might or might not occur. If it did, you had to watch.

Brian, everyone said, looked great as he walked in with brothers Dennis and Carl. He had lost a lot of weight. He stayed away from the food. Sure he was tentative, but at least he was out of bed.

Suddenly he broke from the mainstream action and began pacing back and forth in the corner of the studio, nervous and distracted. The crowd slid like dancers on a rocked ship, shifting to the other side of the room. Hosts and guests simply left him alone. When studio speakers began blaring album cuts, Brian took over the piano, pounding out accompanying chords. To a completely different song. A song not even on the album. And when the time came for the obligatory picture session around the cake Warners had supplied for the occasion, Brian just stood there obliviously, scooping up dollops of icing like a kid at his own birthday.

But so what! He's a genius! At least that's what Columbia Records thinks. Three days after the party they announced they'd inked Brian and friends to a long-term deal, for a rumored million per disk.

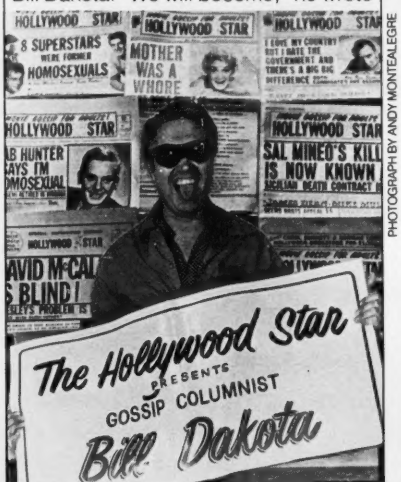
—Sam Graham

. . . and waltz

Even as Warners had their last waltz with the golden Boys, they announced that the more famous Last Waltz (last Thanksgiving's with The Band, Bob Dylan and a slew of "major artist" types) was recorded for a fall release for—happy consolation—Warner Bros.

BILL DAKOTA NEARLY BISEXUAL

Charles Foster Kane had his Declaration of Principles and so does Bill Dakota. "We will become," he wrote



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY MONTEALEGRE

Mr. Personality: Bill Dakota

in the first issue of his *Hollywood Star*, "a controversial paper." In its year of existence, *Star* banner headlines have broached important confidences to readers: Walt Disney was homosexual, Tab Hunter still is, Rock Hudson and seven other major stars of the fifties used to be, and David McCallum is blind.So far Dakota (a pseudonym) has received only one death threat, says he. It came from the husband of an actress whose previous husband, the *Star* claimed, divorced her because she lacked sexual appetite. (Dakota's words were that she "had grown cobwebs" where it counts.)

Dakota rigs his words carefully to avoid libel actions. "We research our stories before publication," Dakota writes each issue. He also maintains lawyers who comb all copy, and who may exert more editing power than Dakota himself. To protect himself against legal prosecution before printing what he considered "the biggest exposé of 1976," Dakota took out an affidavit, swearing that "WALT DISNEY WAS HOMOSEXUAL" (Vol. 1, No. 4) was true. The story in the *Star* recounted Dakota's sexual fantasia with Disney in the back seat of the company limo.

Dakota calls himself a "near bisexual" and prides his newspaper on having something for everyone: lists of uncircumcised actors, ads for sex drugs known as "locker room scents," names of actors Dakota would like to bed, alleged "previously unpublished" nude photos of James Dean, Dennis Cole and Kent McCord, a compromising shot of Marlon Brando, a recurring picture of Jan-Michael Vincent in the buff.

Dakota showed up in Hollywood in the 1950s, met actor Nick Adams and became his secretary. A Michigan native, he returned there during the sixties and ran porn shops and theaters until the Supreme Court wiped him out of business with their redefinitions of pornography. He returned to Hollywood to make it as a gossipist and founded the *Star*—which is now banned in Beverly Hills.

Lately Bill Dakota's number has been disconnected. No one answers his 24-hour gossip hotline. One source says that he's in San Francisco County Jail, convicted on charges of grand theft that stem from his handling of funds from a local theater. Far unhappier for his chafing readers is the no-show of this month's *Hollywood Star*, the last issue of which (two months old) sits stale on the newsstands with no successor in sight. Dakota comes out of the cooler April 29, hardly interesting gossip. Neither is this: David McCallum is only blind in one eye.

—S. Meredith Silverman

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What price gory?

For days after the horrible Canary Islands crash, a perverse sense of deprivation spread, as it became evident that Americans weren't going to see the crash. The *New York Times* ran a great, gray front-page fog of a picture on March 29, which showed almost nothing. TV

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI BUREAU/SYGMA

Tenerife disaster: For a few thousand dollars, we could show you flames

newsmen apologized that no film had come in yet.

Then, in its April 11 issue, *Time* unveiled a two-page color shot of the burning Pan American 747, as haunting as the shots of the immolated Hindenburg. The ghastly coup came from the shop that practically invented mass photojournalism with *Life*. "We're incredible!" said *Time* photochief John Durniak. "Not with this—it was an accident—we happened to be there. But we're *always* there. Week after week we beat out television. But where's the story on us?"

Here. Free-lance photographer Alfredo Rueda went to Tenerife's Santa Cruz airport to watch the great 747, which he'd never seen, and have a family picnic. Soon Rueda found himself photographing a nightmare. In the screaming chaos, a *Time* agent reached Rueda and made a deal on the spot.

"Peanuts," is what Durniak says *Time* paid for the roll of film, half of which was too gruesome for the magazine to use. Sources say that the "peanuts" came to $5,000, although one figure involved called that "way on the low side." *Newsweek*, he said, would have paid $15,000. No bidding war occurred. By the time a plane stuffed with Madrid-based photographers landed at Santa Cruz, the crash had been sold.

Taking Care of Business

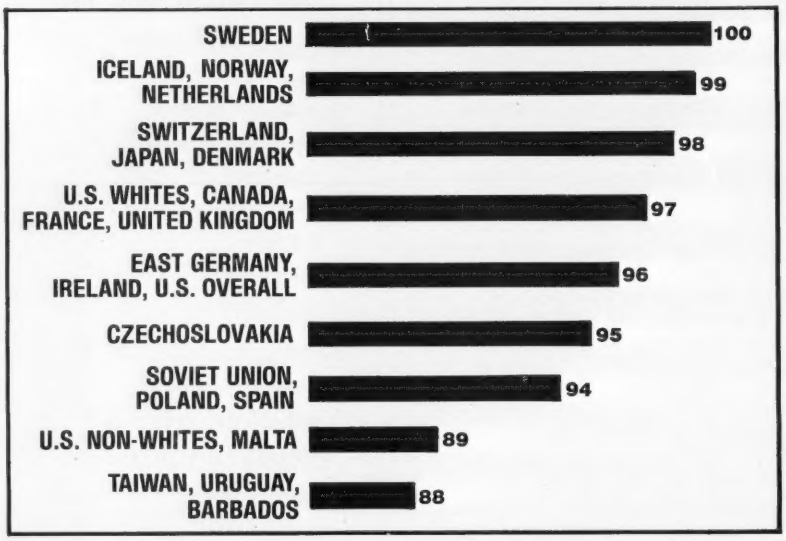
Two countries in one

For many years economists and social planners have complained that the Gross National Product—the amount of goods and services produced by each country—tells little about how that wealth is used to provide for the physical needs of the people. Now the prestigious Washington-based Overseas Development Council has devised a new "Physical Quality of Life Index" (PQLI) to measure just that. It's a composite of life expectancy, infant mortality and literacy figures. The statistics may come as a shock to some smug Americans.

The United States limps in after 10 other nations (see chart below). Far more troubling is what the figures reveal about racial inequality in the U.S. While American whites rank not far below the most well-off countries in the world, U.S. nonwhites fall in with such less developed countries as Malta, Taiwan, Uruguay and Barbados (though far above such desperately poor nations as Guinea-Bissau, which scores a pathetic 10 on the scale). It's as if the U.S. incorporates two countries in one—a well-cared-for First World population and a relatively neglected Third World people.

As for the world's only other military superpower, the Soviet Union does slightly worse than its rival. But neither has a PQLI rating commensurate with its status in the world. And why is that? One clue: the United States government in fiscal 1977 will spend $1,424 per household on military expenditures, and only $31 on health research.

—Ted Howard and Jeremy Rifkin



Post Scripts

Sugar plumbing

(*NT*: April 15, 1977)

The sugar business seems to get stickier each week. If it's not some governmental agency or consumer group attacking sugar's effect on health, then it's another antitrust case. Just after *New Times'* last issue went to press, a federal grand jury indicted four northeastern sugar refiners—Sucrest, Pepsico, CPC International and RSN Projects—for allegedly conspiring to fix prices and restrain competition in 1972 and 1973 in violation of Section I of the Sherman Antitrust Act.

Then, on April 7, New York Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz filed an antitrust damage suit in U.S. District Court against 13 refiners—including Amstar Corporation (the largest U.S. refiner), Sucrest, CPC and RSN for allegedly conspiring to fix prices from 1970–74. Another leak on the Good Ship Lollypop.

Weiner sprung

(*NT:* April 1, 1977)

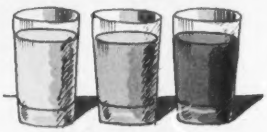
Jay Weiner, put in jail last November for refusing to cooperate with grand jury questioning in the Hearst case, was freed March 28 by U.S. District Court Judge William Nealon.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

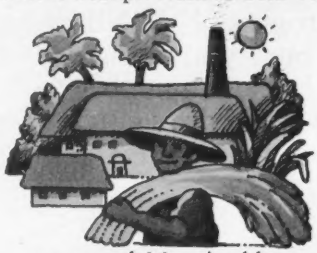


Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

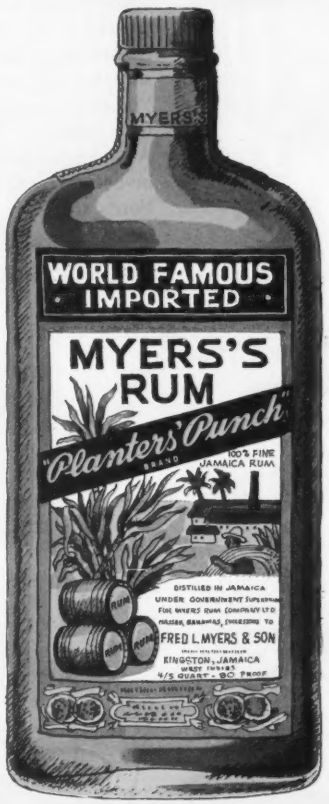
made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

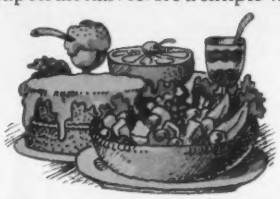
Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

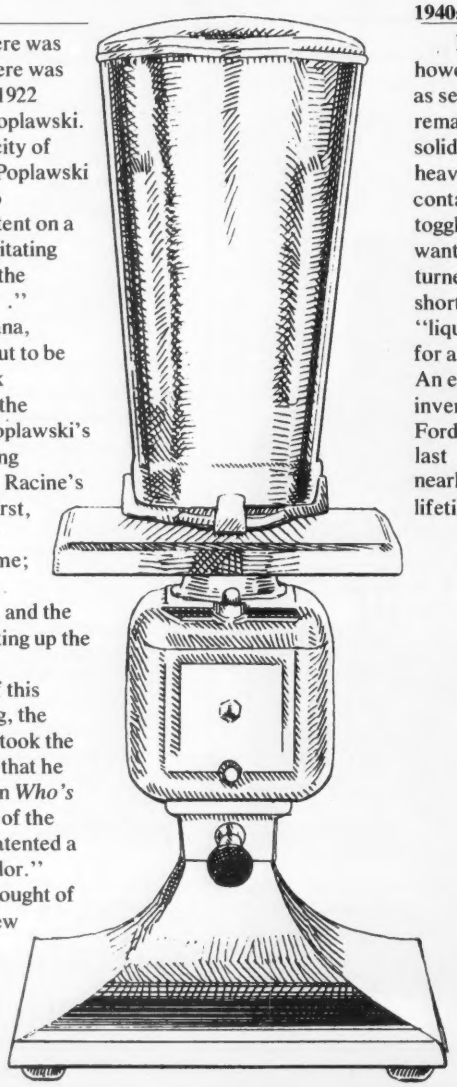
THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE BLENDER

Nikita Khrushchev, in one of his lighter moods, once threatened: Russia "will bury you in the dust of our progress." If Nikita had been 10 points brighter, he might have tried: "Russia will bury you in the dust of your *own* progress." We're not talking here about that old bogyman nuclear holocaust, but just plain capitalist overkill: the stunning, wasteful act of drowning a good idea with "improvements." Consider if you will the history of that great American institution, the blender.

The beginning

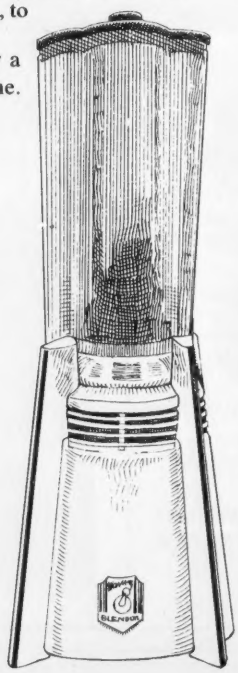
Before 1922, there was the eggbeater and there was elbow grease. After 1922 there was Stephen Poplawski. A tinkerer from the city of Racine, Wisconsin, Poplawski one day sent away to Washington for a patent on a machine with "an agitating element mounted in the bottom of a cup. . . ." Happily for Americana, Racine also turned out to be home for the Horlick Company, maker of the malted milk; soon Poplawski's machines were mixing Horlick's malteds in Racine's soda fountains. At first, this happened under Poplawski's own name; in 1946, John Oster bought Stephen out, and the Osterizer began beating up the culture.

Into the thick of this plunged Fred Waring, the bandleader. Waring took the blender so seriously that he liked to list himself in *Who's Who* as *the* inventor of the blender, and even patented a new spelling, "blendor." Waring and Oster thought of the blender as the new wheel; it shouldn't be wasted on malteds and bar drinks; it should be used on *everything.*



1940s

During the war years, however, blenders remained as sensible as toys can remain—they looked like solid beasts of burden with heavy metal bases, thick glass containers and simple on-off toggle switches. If you wanted to "blend," you turned the machine on for a short time; if you wanted to "liquefy," you turned it on for a long time. That was it. An exquisite American invention, built, like the first Fords, to last nearly a lifetime.



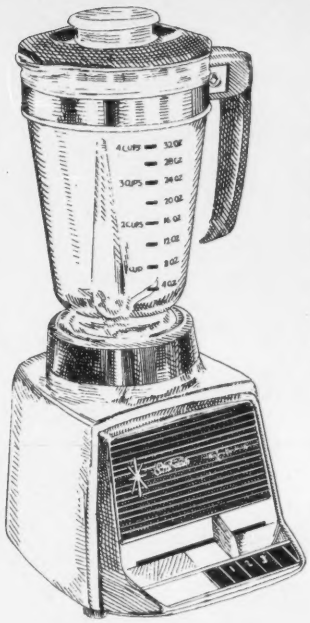
1950s

During the Eisenhower years, the creeping cosmetics began. Waring switched to a two-speed model, offered with this promise: "With a Waring, you'll beat, chop, grate, liquefy, blend and whip at the flick of a switch . . . to perfection." Meanwhile the enthusiastic Oster demonstrators were promising things they couldn't deliver, like suggesting that, by liquefying cucumbers in an Osterizer, one could obtain a longer life. U.S. Guv didn't buy that, even with Abe Fortas defending the company.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHELLY SACKS

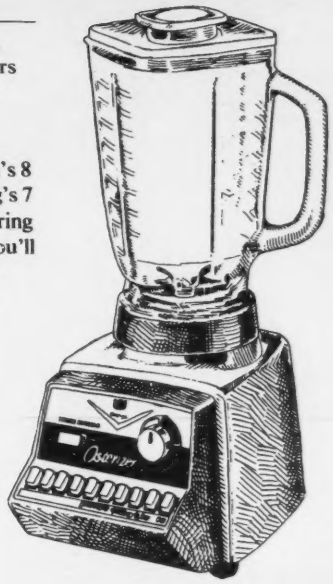
1960–66

By the sixties, blenders were big business. It was no longer a time for practical machines, but sexy ones, and so began the War of the Buttons. In 1964, Oster introduced an eight-speed, push-button model; in 1966, a ten-speed; Sunbeam and a gang of imitators clattered onto the field. As Oster admits today, the speed phenomenon was "about 90 percent sizzle and 10 percent steak," but the race was on.



1966–70

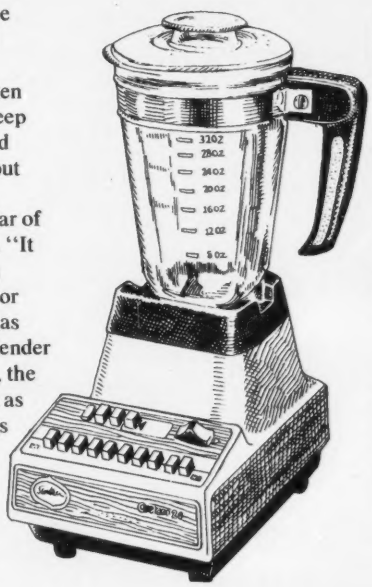
In one quantum blast, most blender manufacturers doubled their speeds by adding just one more button—a dual-control circuitry switch. Sunbeam's 8 speeds became 16; Waring's 7 became 14, and so on. Waring unqualifiedly crowed: "You'll never need anything more . . . than the new Super Robot Blendor."



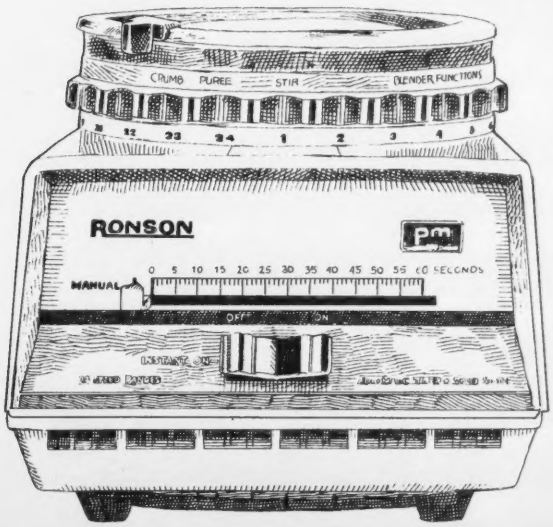
1970s

Not even Waring could take that last one seriously; by 1970 it had trotted out another refinement: a button to "flash blend" whatever substance you happened to be ogling. Quicker than you could make carrot juice, every blender on the market had a variant. For Osterizer it was a "Pulse-matic" button; for Hamilton-Beach it was "Insta-Blend"; for Sunbeam, "Burst of Power," for "quick, extra power when you need it." And then there were the timers. Apparently, even with transparent containers, customers couldn't be trusted to see when their bananas had liquefied. So blender manufacturers had broken through with a way to keep *time* for them. You could never be too precise about your daquiris . . .

All this time, the War of the Buttons was still on. "It was crazy," remembers Harry Goenner of Proctor Sylex, a company that has since opted out of the blender biz. "The more buttons, the better they sold. We got as high as 16, and the things still couldn't do much more than whip cream. At most, there was a 100 rpm difference between one speed and another—virtually indistinguishable." Another exec recalls: "When we came out with our 16-speed blender, eight of us sat up two nights straight, trying to get words with five letters, each one sounding a bit higher than the other. It was like trying to fit 14 words between 'dull' and 'bright.'"



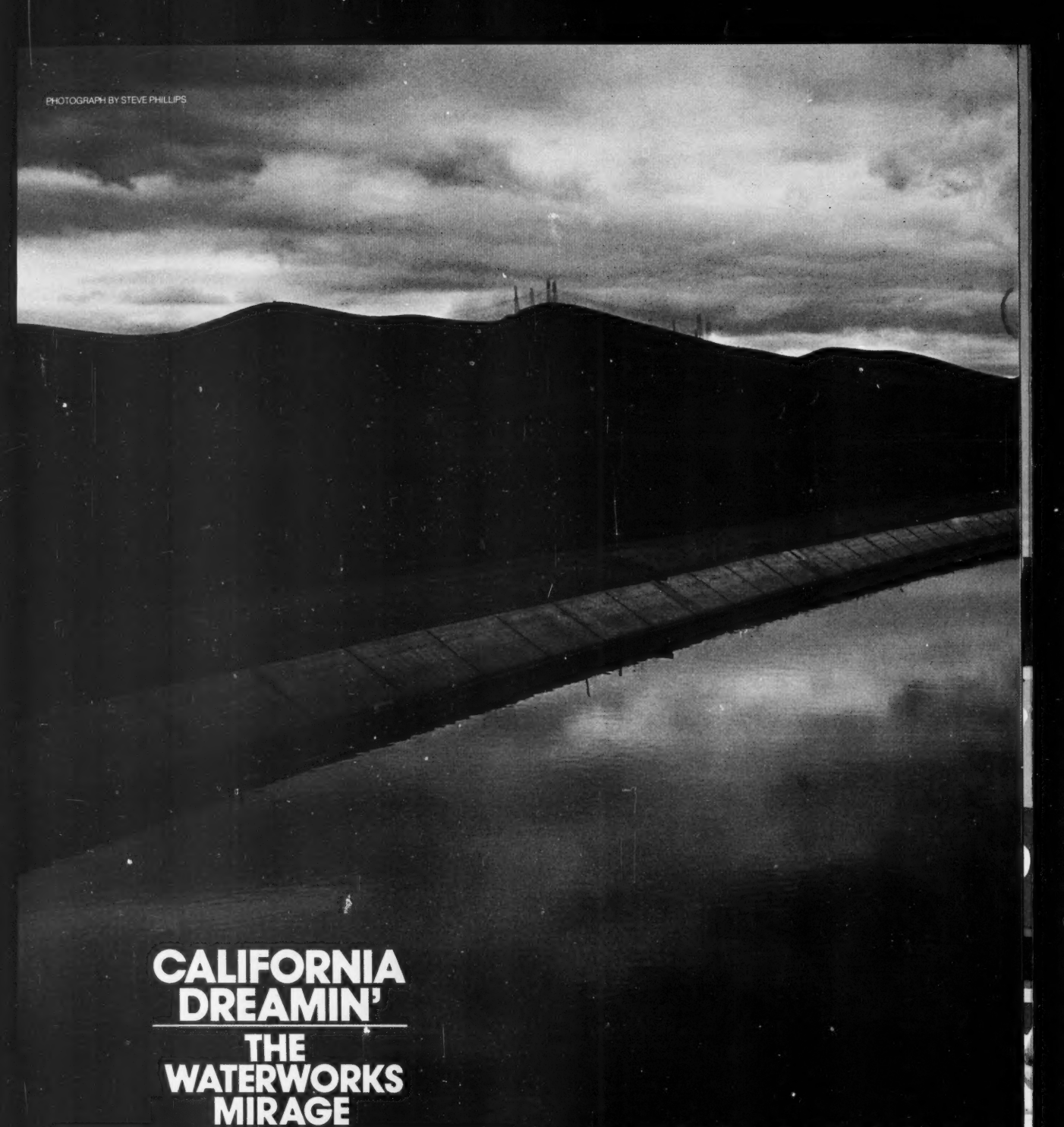
Finally, the words ran out. When Sunbeam came out with 20 speeds, they had to repeat some. Thus you could "crumb" at 1 and 5, "chop" at 2 and 7, "mince" at 12 and 17, "grind" at 11 and 15 . . .



1980s and beyond

The future? Many companies have withdrawn from the battle while others, as Ford has done, have trimmed back on the trimmings. But last time we checked, Ronson had broken the tape at 24 speeds—not to mention a bunch of bristling attachments, including a knife sharpener and coffee bean grinder. And then there was "infinite speed control," an innovation from Rival, the "electronic" blender. This model featured a "bouncing light" and presumably limitless stops along the way. All this, according to Rival, was achieved with a tiny electronic "brain," that took the "guesswork" out of blending. "Translated into woman's talk," Rival explained, "this means you can dial the exact speed for every blending need. . . . Why, it's almost human."

Well, as they say, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*●



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

THE WATERWORKS MIRAGE

BY MICHAEL PARFIT

UNDAUNTED BY THEIR PAST FAILURES AND THE PRESENT DROUGHT, THE WATER PLANNERS OF THE WEST ARE TALKING NOW OF BIGGER AND BETTER AQUEDUCTS, RESERVOIRS AND DAMS—EVEN OF A $200 BILLION ALASKAN CONNECTION. BUT IT JUST WON'T WASH. UNLIMITED WATER FOR UNLIMITED GROWTH IS THE ULTIMATE MIRAGE

It is raining in California. The air is rich with the organic smell of moisture. But there is no celebration. Up in the Drought Information Center on the sixteenth floor of Sacramento's State Resources building, near the control room where much of the state's remaining water is manipulated electronically through hundreds of miles of aqueducts, all six phones on the round crisis table are ringing.

The geologist, the hydrologist, the fish and game biologist, the meteorologist, and perhaps even the state drought czar are all answering questions from the public. Call 916-445-1835, anytime, anywhere. How come my neighbor gets to build a pool? How can I get federal aid to save my almond trees? What's going to happen to the striped bass? Voices clash and mingle, and a two-way radio squawks down the hall. Outside, the rain collects in gutters and

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pedestrians run beneath their newspapers, but the callers to the Drought Center are by now too savvy to pay the storm much heed. The one question that would have monopolized the day if the rain had come a month or two ago is never asked: "Is the worst over?" Now Californians know better.

The story has been so relentlessly repeated that it is in danger, like the prayers of a rosary, of losing its impact in familiar rhythm. The whole West currently has only 25 to 50 percent of its normal accumulation of water. Man-made reservoirs are sheets of cracked mud speckled with wading pools; the reservoir of snow in the Rockies and Sierras is thin and patchy, like burned skin.

Well-drillers have six-month backlogs of orders. Grubby is chic (a shower uses 40 gallons). Marin County's great unwashed population is famous. It has cut consumption more than 50 percent, partly by refusing to flush and partly by sneaking across the Golden Gate Bridge and doing its laundry in San Francisco for a buck a load. The bad news is that we'll all be drinking sewage water in 1978; the good news is there won't be enough to go around. Smoke your grass, don't water it. Fill your waterbed with wine. At restaurants, diners have to beg for a glass of water, groveling in guilt before stony waitresses. Along the shorelines, steelhead trout leap in the surf, longing to spawn up creeks that are dry. In the farm country, men gamble hay against rice against cotton against cows. Dust is blowing again in the Midwest.

California is suffering most from the drought, if only because it so dwarfs the other states affected. "Worst in recorded history," says Governor Jerry Brown. "Nothing like it since World War II," says the mayor of San Francisco.

The 1977 drought is expected to cost the state somewhere between $3 billion and $5 billion. The cost in state pride is beyond measure.

Californians always have been proud of their state's comprehensive system of water management—no other state, or nation, has so fully pursued the development of water storage and transfer systems. And now, surely, California has a right to lean on its foresight and its aqueducts. To drum up votes for the enormous expenditures necessary to create the state's water system, water planners promised that the development would carry California comfortably through the biblical as well as historical seven lean years.

But this is only the second year, and already the crisis is at hand. If 1978 is similarly dry—which is likely, since drought years tend to run in gangs—California's concrete security blanket could be a parched joke, drained of its promise and popping up from the earth like a swimming pool left empty too long. No wonder citizen indignation is so great. California feels betrayed. Just when it seemed everything was nailed down, the whole system collapsed into chaos.

In 1938, Charles Greenley Abbott, at the time secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and a leading meteorologist, looked back on the dry period of the late twenties and early thirties, which created both the dust bowl and the impetus for California's major water projects, and predicted today's climate with gloomy accuracy. "Rest assured," he said, "it will come again, beginning about 1975." Today, the rest of the western states are reacting to similar specters of future droughts much the way California did in the late 1930s—by pushing for the construction of new and costly water projects. Among these are many of the infamous 30 dams and aqueducts that President Carter jolted from the tracks with his funding review: the Dakotas' Garrison Diversion, Central Utah Project, Central Arizona Project. . . . Like the early California systems, these promise future protection against the idiosyncracies of weather. What they really offer is much less certain: there is a nagging suspicion that perhaps when they are all built and the next severe drought settles in—say around 2020—the entire West will be about as water-secure as California is today.

MAP BY PATRICK CALKINS

Water Imperialism

The people started arriving at dawn. It was November 5, 1913. All morning they poured into the San Fernando Valley from all over southern California—from cosmopolitan Los Angeles, a city of 400,000 people; from the sleepy beach town of Santa Monica; from the wild, dry Orange County plains. By noon they numbered 40,000. They gathered in a natural amphitheater at the edge of the foothills and crowded noisily against a wooden speakers' platform at the foot of a curved, concrete causeway.

A drizzle had broken the summer heat only three days before, and now a northern wind, laden with the wet smell of winter, sharpened the feeling of expectancy and change. The crowd was impatient, and there were cheers when William Mulholland, superintendent of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, stood up on the platform to speak. Mulholland—the "Chief," the hero—was the engineer who had brought a river 200 miles south from the Owens Valley, across a desert, to water Los Angeles' seedling boom.

Mulholland, whose wife was critically ill, was subdued in his hour of triumph, but the crowd's ebullience swirled around him. The people of Los Angeles were like children with a new toy. There was no thought in the crowd for the distant valley to the north, where 60,000 irrigated acres soon would go dry and be reclaimed by sagebrush. There was no remorse that the city had first gained its foothold in the Owens Valley by secretly buying up land—and by bribing a U.S. Reclamation Service official. There was no embarrassment that the dangerous water "shortage" that supposedly had threatened Los Angeles in the weeks before the 1905 bond election, which had financed the project, had been manufactured by Mulholland as part of the campaign. And there was no dismay that the leading beneficiary of the project was a syndicate that owned much of the San Fernando Valley, where the water

would skyrocket land values.

The project had, of course, created great bitterness, but it was confined to a distant valley populated by a few simple people, a valley that could be ignored much the way Great Britain once ignored the colony of Massachusetts.

Slowly Mulholland unfurled a flag, and men in a shed at the top of the causeway turned a pair of round handles. As the valves opened, the Owens River water thundered down the cascade in a burst of cold foam, and the crowd rushed to toast the future with the new water. Water imperialism had been born.

"Whoever brings the water," Mulholland had remarked several years before, "will bring the people." The first half of that equation was now complete. And as the biggest crowd ever to gather in southern California to that date began to flow jubilantly out of the valley and back to their young cities, it was clear that completing the second half—the coming of the people—was only a matter of time.

Hetch Hetchy

As Owens Valley water began making San Fernando land speculators rich, San Francisco was just successfully completing its own water-import struggle, one which drew far more national attention than L.A.'s. This was the battle over Hetch Hetchy Valley, a lush, sweeping green meadow between granite cliffs that lay within the boundaries of Yosemite National Park. San Francisco wanted to dam Hetch Hetchy and pipe the water 140 miles west, not because it was the nearest source (it wasn't), but because the Sierra water was so clean.

The Owens River conflict was not much more than a glorified town-versus-country range war, right down to the guns and dynamite, but the Hetch Hetchy controversy was fought on higher planes of philosophy. It was Hetch Hetchy that first pushed the Sierra Club, led by naturalist John Muir, to national prominence. On one side was the ethic of multiple land use, as articulated by Gifford Pinchot, first chief of the National Forest Service: "The one great, central problem is the use of the earth for the good of man." On the other was Muir, whose view of humanity's role in the universe was considerably more modest and who considered great natural beauty to be sacred.

"These temple destroyers," he thundered, describing San Francisco's water planners, "these devotees of ravaging commercialism, seem to have a perfect contempt for Nature, and instead of lifting their eyes to the God of the Mountains, lift them to the Almighty Dollar."

For all its philosophical implications, the issue of Hetch Hetchy was eventually settled by politics as usual when a former San Francisco city attorney was appointed U.S. Secretary of the Interior. In the same year that Mulholland finished his Owens River canal, Congress, prodded by the new secretary, authorized Hetch Hetchy.

Muir fled to Alaska. ("A fine change," he wrote, "from faithless politics to crystal ice and snow.") A year later, 1914, he died. And when the Yosemite valley was flooded and the precious bright water for which San Francisco had fought so bitterly finally reached the city, it was pumped into coastal reservoirs where, before it ever reached household taps, it mixed with muddy runoff and lost its clarity and character forever.

These precedents set, California took to water imperialism with a momentum reminiscent of manifest destiny after the Louisiana Purchase. "The state had no alternative," the Department of Water Resources explained later, like James Polk defending the war with Mexico in 1847. "Nature has not provided the right amount of water in the right places at the right times. . . . Progressively larger storage works and longer conveyance systems have been required to meet the continuing growth in demands for water. . . ." This concept proved to be a self-fulfilling prophecy, partly because water projects built to meet projected new demands encouraged the growth necessary to create the demands: "With abundant water apparently guaranteed," historian Erwin Cooper wrote about the Owens Valley system, "water-consuming industries sought out Los Angeles in preference to other communities."

Today, California's 21 million residents are almost desperately dependent on the waterworks that were built both to lure and to serve them. The major projects now in use are the Hetch Hetchy system; the Owens River aqueduct (much expanded since 1913); the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's Central Valley Project, which provides much of the water for the rich agricultural region in the center of the state; the Colorado River aqueduct, which carries water 242 miles from Lake Havasu on the Arizona border to the Los Angeles area; and the State Water Project, longest aqueduct of them all.

Still only 75 percent complete, the State Project eventually will include 25 dams and reservoirs; 685 miles of canals, pipelines and tunnels; 8 power plants producing 6.6 billion kilowatt hours of electricity a year; and 22 pumping plants that will *consume* 13.7 billion kilowatt hours of electricity a year (for an annual net energy loss of 7.1 billion kilowatt hours). The central feature of the State Water Project is the 444-mile-long California Aqueduct, lined with bikeways and concrete fishing holes, which carries water from just southeast of San Francisco through the San Joaquin Valley and over the Tehachapi mountains, sprouting smaller branches and reservoirs as it goes, and ending south of Los Angeles, in a lake that was once desert.

That is the route I traveled early this spring, following the precision curves and leaps of the California Aque-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS

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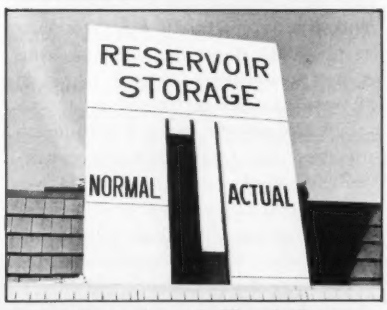


Signs of the times: Water consciousness is high throughout California these days, but nowhere more so than in parched Marin County

CALIFORNIA SPLIT—AND OREGON AND WASHINGTON TOO

One January morning, drought-weary northern Californians awoke to the news that northern Californian water—1.25 billion gallons of it—was splashing its way south to an artificial lake in Orange county (see page 34).

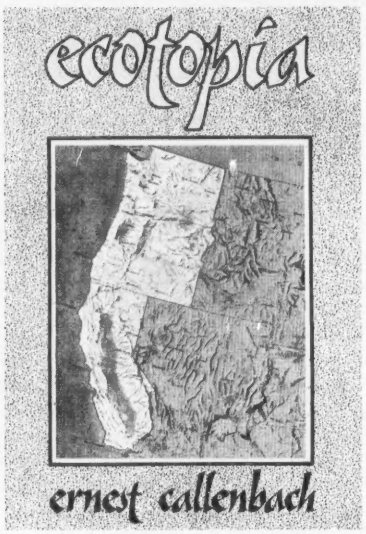
Relations between northern and southern California have never been easy. But this last bit of news incensed the northern Californians, who had been flushing their toilets less, taking shorter showers and watching their verdant gardens go brown. Farmers threatened to sabotage the water transport system; state legislators railed against such senseless waste; again there was talk of legislation that would split northern and southern California.

None of this particularly surprised Ernest "Chick" Callenbach, editor of the University of California Press' *Film Quarterly* and author of a book that, in the past two years, has become the rallying point for secessionist thought and a Bible to a group of people who would become more self-reliant. Callenbach, a tall, bespectacled man of 47, writes about just such a north-south split in *Ecotopia*: the people of northern California, Oregon and Washington, fed up with the wasteful and dangerous ways of the rest of the nation, break away in 1980 to form what the author describes as a stable-state society. In this modern-day utopia are many of the pet theories of the movements of the sixties and seventies: private cars have been done away with, as have biodegradable building materials and even cities. The government is the women-led Survivalist party. And a 20-hour work week allows the citizens time for ritual war games designed to relieve aggressive tendencies. The Ecotopians even cope with the need for sexual indulgences via four holidays of promiscuity."

The novel, born out of the ecological sensibilities of northern California and reflecting a sort of settled-down hippiedom whose inhabitants are intent on finding biologically sound life alternatives, has attracted an admiring public: all 167 pages have been read on two separate occasions over WBAI, New York's listener-sponsored station. Eugene, Oregon, recently celebrated Ecotopia Day. And an Ecotopian public school was recently built near Eureka, California, by local craftsmen. It has its own windmill, and is so well insulated that it needs no heating system—on cold days the students simply wear long underwear. Sharon Stoppiello of West Linn, Oregon, collected signatures and successfully petitioned to have the name of her street changed to Ecotopia Lane—despite the fact that her neighbors haven't read the book.

This groundswell is particularly impressive when viewed in light of the book's background. Back in 1974, Callenbach, an amiable man with a wry wit, made the rounds to New York publishing houses. More than 20 turned him down, so Callenbach formed Banyan Tree Books, and with 12 friends put up a total of $3,500 (Callenbach's share came from the refund on an airplane ticket) for the first edition.

Despite the fact that there was



no publicity, the book's reputation grew exponentially: friends told other friends about the novel. There even, says Callenbach, was an "Ecotopian lending library—the owner's name and address were written on the bottom of the front cover, with a note that 'Ultimately this should come back to me.' One book went all the way from Portland to Missoula to Alaska, then made its way back down the coast via Vancouver to Portland—over 20 names in all were inscribed on the cover."

No way to make a fortune on royalties, but Callenbach is not worried: The book, in its fifth printing, has sold 23,000 copies, and the backers have already doubled their investment. *Ecotopia* has become required reading at over two dozen colleges and universities—including Berkeley and the Universities of Washington and Oregon; Bantam Books will issue a paperback version in the fall, a writer is at work on a screen play and Callenbach is planning a children's sequel. There are even the beginnings of critical acclaim: Ralph Nader, in his syndicated column, praised the book, saying, "None of the happy conditions in Ecotopia are beyond the technology or resource reach of our society."

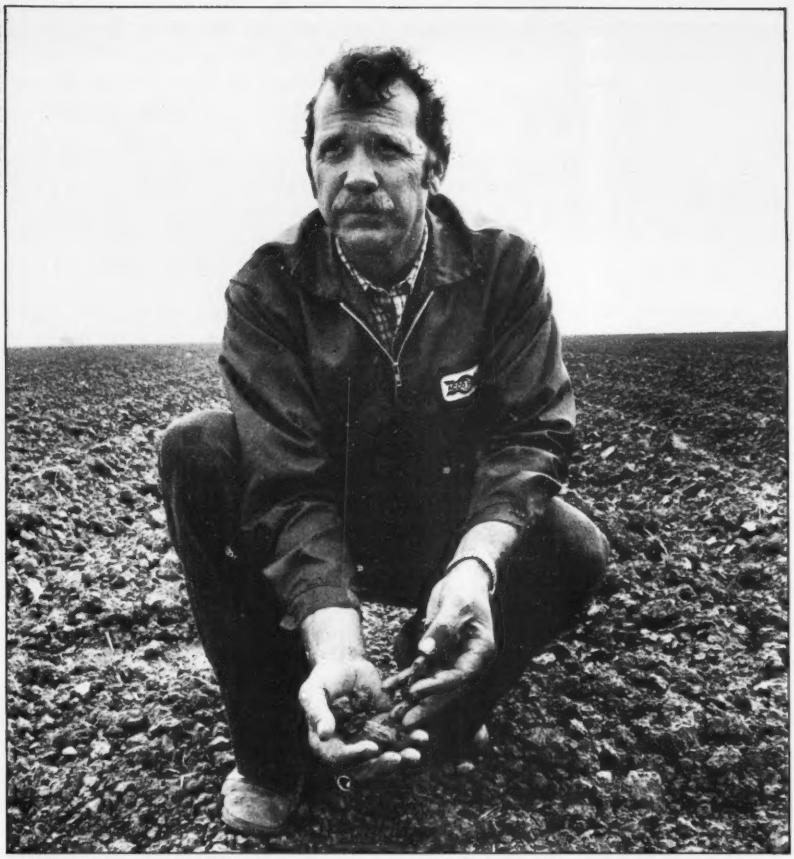
Perhaps he's right. Certainly many of the technological, social and political ideas found in the book have their roots in experiments presently being carried on in the Bay Area. Solar collectors are a common sight in Bolinas. The Integral Urban House in Berkeley effectively demonstrates how self-reliant people can be. The house is home to three people who grow all of their own food and use little outside energy; toilet waste and gray water is reclaimed and used in the garden; beehives provide some sweets; and a small aquaculture pond, aerated by a wind machine, will soon provide fish dinners. Government, under the guidance of Jerry Brown, has been active in the "ecotopian" movement, too: Sim Van der Ryn, one of the founders of the institute backing Integral House, is now the state architect; the state's arts council, traditionally the stronghold of high art patrons and museum directors, has been handed over to a group of community arts leaders, including poet Gary Snyder and Peter Coyote, an early member of the Haight-Ashbury Diggers and now member of a bioregional research project called the San Francisco Mussel group.

Still, even Callenbach's most ardent admirers will admit that *Ectopia* sometimes gets carried away. Bruce Brody, editor of *Seriatim*, an "ecotopian" magazine that reports on alternative possibilities in shelters, energy, health and the like, says that he has little interest in secession and thinks that the idea of biodegradable houses is "too far out. . . . I try not to head trip on the book a lot. I'm talking about concrete possibilities. The idea of working 20 hours a week, well, I guess right now just about every waking hour I put into the magazine. It doesn't go along with Chick's ideas—but you've got to remember, the book is fiction." Too true.

—Susan Lyne

Copies of Ecotopia *may be ordered from Banyan Tree Books, 2300 Leconte, Berkeley, CA 94709 ($2.95).*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS



The future is now: "If the drought goes on another year," says Fresno farmer Buzz Allen, "we're not going to farm this place at all"

duct and watching some of the strange effects of massive water development on a nonetheless parched state.

Marin County—Water and Growth

Just across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, amid redwoods, oaks and green rolling hills, Marin County is an expensive and very special place to live: suburbia disguised as the country. It is one of the few counties in the state that is *not* tied in to one or more major water projects. It is also one of the driest spots in California. I walk on the floor of Nicasio Reservoir; even the cracked mud is dry, baked into uneven stone tiles.

Yet the drought remains something of a game here. Water use is mostly residential and the costs of the shortage are more in convenience than in cash. And for many Californians, often bored with their perfect climate and above-average incomes, the periodic coast crises—fires, floods, SLA shootouts—are exhilarating brushes with raw life. Just so: Marin's drought has its Captain Hydro comic books for the kids and its sense of community cooperation for the adults. But if successfully meeting the water shortage is Marin's game, then the issue of water management vis-à-vis regional growth is its conflict.

Marin County today is in about the same position that Los Angeles was in in 1905: it has reached the edge of its natural water supply. And, similarly, the people of Marin seem to be convinced that new sources of water would mean new growth, just as it did for southern California back then—but with a twist. In 1971 and 1973, with county growth central to the debate, Marin voters soundly defeated two bond issues for projects to import water from the Russian River. "The public has a right to vote themselves a water shortage," one water board director grumbled, but the voters seemed ready to trade the possibility of future hardship for continued rural peace and quiet. The lack of new water quickly led to a domino constraint on growth: in 1973, over the shouts of picketing construction workers, the Marin Municipal Water District passed a moratorium on water hook-ups for new housing.

Clearly, there is a relationship in California between abundant water and rapid growth; the question raised in Marin is whether communities should allow water to limit their expansion, as it would do naturally were technology not so advanced. Marin, for a while, seemed to think so; but as the hardships of shortage become more and more pressing, its residents are beginning to wonder if other restraints on growth might not be more comfortable.

"I don't think that limiting water is a rational way to do it," says Marjorie Macris, a county planning official. "It's like the tail wagging the dog." Water limitation, she suggests, is too crude a way to control growth, since its restraints are so indiscriminate and not responsive enough to human control.

"A community decides on the basis of a general plan that they can accept X number of housing units over a 20-year period," she says. "Then all the utilities should plan in accordance with that. It shouldn't be the other way around."

It may be significant that the county's plan, which envisions developing plenty of water and then limiting growth by ordinance, is supported by many of the same members of the building industry who adamantly oppose the water hook-up moratorium. To the builders and others, it must seem that mere municipal restraints are more easily bypassed than a critical resource on the wane. And of course they're right. It is a notion that goes back to a variation on the common question of this decade of scarcity:

Throughout California's history, limited resources have been routinely bypassed by technology. And even with a Jerry Brown now paying rhetorical tribute to the limits of growth, the assumption remains that California can choose whether to roll with them—or roll them under.

But what will happen when Marin's experience is universal to the entire state, and there is no more water left to develop? One answer to that awaits me near aqueduct's end in Los Angeles—in the gleam in an engineer's eyes. But I have other stops to make first.

Sacramento—Water and Politics

There are no water meters in Sacramento, the state's capital. You pay your $4.50 a month and you use what you want. It is one of those meaningless symbolic scandals typical of the drought: Sacramento, thanks to its location at the junction of several rivers, will still have abundant water when the rest of the state goes dry, but the absence of meters angers everyone else anyway.

Early one morning during my stay

in Sacramento, there occurs a curious confrontation in the parking lot of the Woodlake Motel. A band of gentle, hirsute people cluster together under a forest of signs, waving American flags and shouting "Support the President." Opposite them stands a shirt-sleeved group of men in hard hats shouting, "We need the water" and "Piss on their shoes"; the men are led by a burly union business agent named Maxie. As the groups collide, the conflict breaks off into little clumps of discussion carried on in an atmosphere of relatively peaceful disagreement, despite efforts to the contrary by Maxie on one side and a nostalgic ex-Berkeley radical improbably named Fire on the other.

The controversy at the Woodlake Motel is a narrow one, but typical of a constant subterranean struggle in California that erupts into public view every time someone tries to do something overt with water. The hardhats are ironworkers who would work on a proposed dam, if it is ever built; the flag wavers are conservationists who oppose the dam; the occasion is a federal hearing held to discuss the (Auburn) dam because it is on Carter's review list; and the dialogue is very familiar:

"With Auburn the drought would be less severe!"

"With Auburn we'd just have another empty reservoir and 50 miles less wild river!"

"The future irrigation supply is vital to survival!"

"Remember Teton Dam!"

Out beyond the hearing room, beyond the expanding suburban perimeter of Sacramento, the key to the entire California water system flows quietly on, oblivious to the noisy conflicts it inspires.

South and west of Sacramento, where the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers meet, a remarkable network of waterways called the Delta spreads many crooked fingers, all leading to San Francisco Bay. The Delta is central to California's water dilemma. Although the Colorado and Owens River aqueducts have nothing to do with it, most of the state's other water systems are as dependent on the Delta as an artery on a heart; in 1977, the Delta is pumping erratically as it tries to service an overload of arteries.

The water that supplies both the Central Valley Project and the State Water Project, as well as various smaller canals and pipelines, is stored in large reservoirs in the Sierras and northern California mountains; subsequently, it is released into natural river channels to reach the Delta, from which it is pumped south to irrigate farms or to water the great population centers.

The Delta's fundamental natural function is to serve as the meeting place of river and sea. From this role grow many others: it is a fertile breeding ground for marine life; its shallow marshes provide an ideal habitat for wild fowl; its water is used to irrigate the rich peat-soil farms that lie islandlike within it; it provides navigation and water-based recreation; its water flushes out San Francisco Bay, which would otherwise become ripe with stagnation; and it is a source of fresh water for seaside cities and enormous water transfer projects.

Critical to all these functions is the question of precisely where, as it meanders westward toward the sea, the freshwater Delta begins to grow salty. There is here a constant struggle between fresh and salt water, a struggle whose victories and defeats are measured in terms of sodium ion parts per million. The sea pushes inward and the flowing fresh water pushes out, creating

The bad news is that we'll all be drinking sewage water in 1978; the good news is that there won't be enough to go around

in between what is called a hydraulic barrier—a natural dam of water itself. This dam is not narrow, like a weir; it is, rather, a large zone of many gradations, one that is carefully monitored by testing stations all along the Delta waterways. The ever-shifting location of this natural dam is of vital importance, for an excess of salt in the Delta can hinder fish reproduction; damage the plants that water fowl feed on; kill one of the basic species in the marine food chain, the Neomysis shrimp; ruin surrounding farm fields; and foul both near and distant municipal, industrial and agricultural water supplies.

So far, the influx of salt into the Delta has been controlled reasonably well by water released from the upstream dams made by man. But now, as the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's Central Valley Project and the California Water Project draw more and more fresh water out of the Delta, they are weakening the Delta's own natural hydraulic barrier. Around 1990, when both projects are running full tilt, the Delta's total annual outflow to the sea will drop to levels that may well have drastic consequences. The sea salt is likely to gain permanent new territory, damaging the San Francisco Bay's cleansing mechanism as well as impairing the many other functions of the Delta.

The problem is compounded because the state and the Bureau of Reclamation cannot agree on who is responsible for releasing water from the upriver dams to keep the incoming salt in check. Nor can they agree on the construction or future operation of a Delta bypass structure; such a structure would remove fresh water from the rivers before it ever reaches the Delta and pump it south.

Supporters of this project, which is widely known as the Peripheral Canal, maintain that the bypass will make it easier to regulate the outflow of Delta water and thus maintain the hydraulic barrier. Opponents argue that the canal would allow the south, with its huge political clout, to divert *all* fresh water from the Delta in dry times, thus further sacrificing northern needs to southern demands.

"In terms of natural resources," one state wildlife biologist says, "all these water projects are the shits. If we get another drought when they are all operating at full capacity, the natural resources are going to take it in the ear."

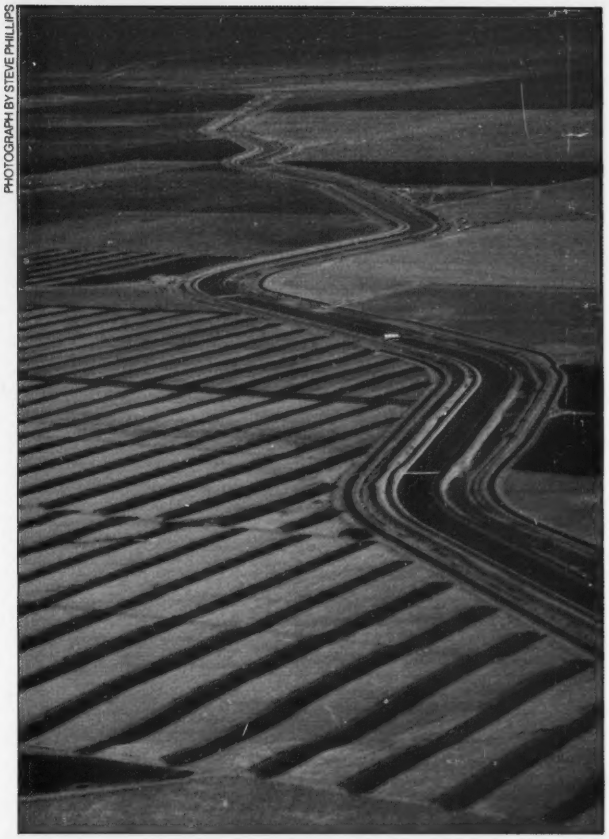
"I don't know how people get so damn passionately involved in saving the Delta without looking at all of the impacts of what that means," says James E. Cook, the ebullient regional planning officer of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and one of those receiving testimony at the hearing in Sacramento on the Auburn Dam. "After all, you can only stretch a glass of water so far."

San Joaquin: Water and Agriculture

From Sacramento, I drive down Interstate 5, which plunges like a spear toward L.A., cutting across the meanderings of both the California Aqueduct and the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's Delta-Mendota Canal. From the road, the water in the ditches looks still, but stop and watch it closely: it is moving, a slick black mass that slides south without ripple or sound. There are signs painted on the concrete banks: "Warning. Keep out. Peligro. No Entre. ALARGUE SU VIDA."

Here in the rich San Joaquin valley, irrigation water flows in shining planks between earthen rows; some fields are already green. Sprinklers cast repeating rainbows toward the sun. There is a feeling here of great abundance. But it is false.

Agriculture uses 85 percent of all California water: this year, the cutbacks in delivery of Bureau and State Project



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

Waterworks: Neither aqueducts nor the Owens Valley and Hetch Hetchy projects stemmed the crisis

water to farmers range from 60 to 75 percent. "The disaster has not yet happened," one farmer tells me. "But it's a pretty sure thing. Come back in July or August."

I stop at the Allen brothers' farm near Fresno. Two of the three brothers are waiting in a small but comfortable office beside a square mile of plowed earth, part of their 1,800-acre farm: Dink and Buzz, 42 and 37, lifetime Valley farmers, faces seamed by wind and sun.

"First thing you do," says Buzz, "is eliminate the rice, next you eliminate the alfalfa, then the beets, then the barley and the wheat. If this goes on another year, we're not going to farm this place at all."

How was the farming last year?

"Good. Water was available for the entire property."

And that itself is part of both the immediate drought problem and the overall problem of California water management. Last year was also a dry year, almost as dry as the record droughts of 1924 and 1931. In 1976, rainfall levels over much of the state were only 30 to 50 percent of normal; during the summer, reservoirs throughout the state were drawn down to record lows. Those low reservoirs did not contain enough water to compensate for a second consecutive dry year, should one come to pass. Which, of course, it did.

So now a howl of "Mismanagement!" is heard throughout the state. How did you get us into this bind? All those reservoirs, empty. Security, drained away. How is it possible? Well, in 1976, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation delivered over 6 million acre-feet* of water to its customers, while the California Water Project delivered more than 2 million, up nearly 15 percent from the record delivery of 1975. There was no serious effort to conserve. None.

"Everybody said, 'Hell, it can't happen two years in a row,'" explains the Bureau's Jim Cook. "And with that kind of thinking there was a hell of a lot of pressure to put out more water than there would have been if people had said, 'Why don't we assume the worst.'"

The state says it asked its agricultural contractors if they wanted to cut back in '76, and they said no. The farmers say that the state and the Bureau let too much water out of the Delta and, what's worse, continue to do so in the face of pending agricultural disaster. But it may be irrelevant which side is at fault.

*An acre-foot equals one acre of water one-foot deep; i.e., enough water to simultaneously flush 65,000 toilets.

It may simply be that the financial structure of these vast water projects, built in part as insurance against unexpected crises, make them constitutionally unable to handle the crises when they come. Consider:

California has spent about $2.3 billion on its water project, and every distributing agency that uses the water is bound like a papoose into a repayment plan. The Central Valley Project is already running neck-deep in the red, a situation cheerfully acknowledged by Jim Cook. ("Just have to raise the rates to get out of it.") The fact is that no major user can afford to let much of the system sit idly in anticipation of the next drought; the water must be constantly used and paid for.

"You don't solve these problems of very rare events with facilities such as these," says Dr. Daniel Luten, retired geography professor at Berkeley and an environmental activist. "Because the essence of developing such facilities is that you must use them efficiently. And if you are using them efficiently, when the rare event comes along, you are caught."

Kern County—Water and Power

Among those "caught" is the Semitropic Water Storage District in Wasco, about 100 miles north of L.A. and not far from the pumping plant that lifts the California Aqueduct 2,000 feet over the Tehachapi mountains into Los Angeles. Semitropic is a small water agency, serving only about 110 landowners; in a good year, it dispenses 150,000 acre-feet of California Aqueduct water. This year, as usual, it will have to pay $1 million plus for its water, but it will be able to use only about 28,000 acre-feet. In order not to bankrupt the farmers, who themselves are locked into a payment plan with Semitropic, the agency is planning to borrow the million and spread out the payments. If next year is bad, Semitropic will have to do the same thing again, but the economics would by then be pretty shaky.

But for Jim Neufeld, a Wasco farmer and Semitropic customer who is going to have to pay $210 per acre for what little water he gets this year, instead of last year's $90, the drought is not the chief concern. Power is his concern, and he thinks that what he is now seeing is a repetition of Owens Valley imperialism in his own backyard.

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, William Mulholland's old agency, is planning to build one of the nation's largest nuclear power plants—5,200 megawatts—about three miles from some of Neufeld's Wasco hay fields. Why there? Water, that's why. The nuclear plant will consume at least 60,000 acre-feet a year from the California Aqueduct. Neufeld knows that L.A. is building the plant in Wasco because the water is cheaper and easier to use here in the valley, before it has to be pumped over the Tehachapi mountains; he also knows that during any future water shortages, the legal priorities of water use will favor the power plant and leave the farmer dry. On top of that, he fears the replacement of a relatively stable agricultural economy by a construction boom and bust.

"We just don't want to open the door to L.A.," he says. He has seen what happened in the Owens Valley, and he is justifiably afraid of the political might that is again lapping north over the mountains.

"The L.A. Water Department will hearing-and-debate you to death," he says. "You'll die an old man, but they'll still be there. They'll eventually wear you out. They always do."

Mission Viejo—Water and Luxury

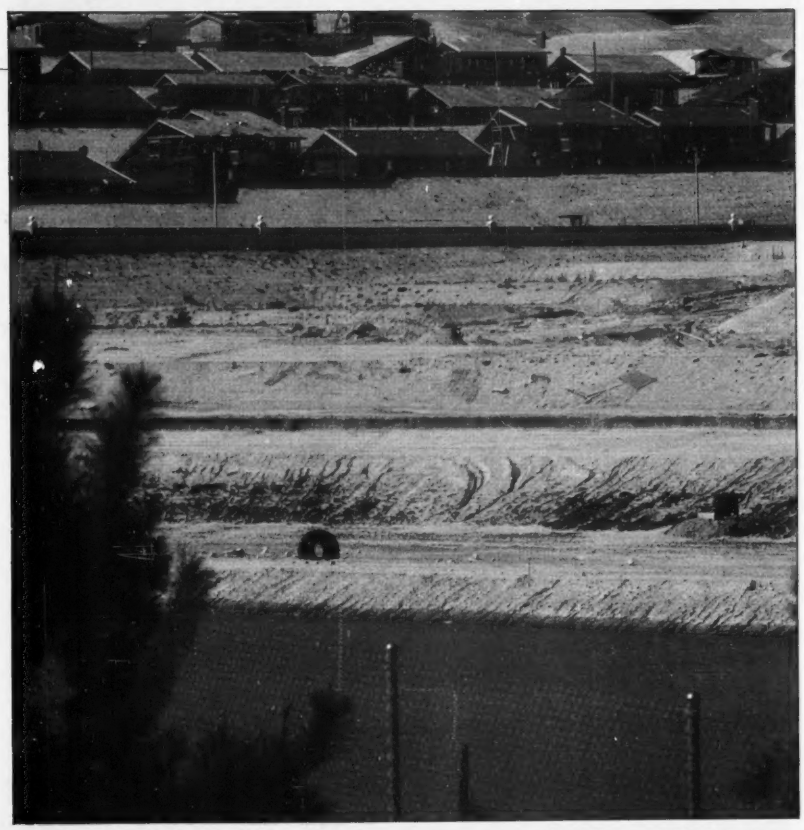
"I don't want you to think," says Martin Russo, "that we built the lake just to sell houses." Russo, the director of community services for the planned community of Mission Viejo in southern California's Orange County, is understandably nervous. The man-made, 124-acre lake, now reposing half full in its sculptured earthen shell, ready to be surrounded by condominiums, has become a symbol of inequitable water distribution for the entire state. As we stand beside it, he knows what my inevitable reaction is: even half empty, it contains a hell of a lot more water than Marin County's baked Nicasio Reservoir.

Mission Viejo. "Where 'Home' is a 'Hometown' again." Eleven thousand acres. Subsidiary of Philip Morris, Inc. Part of a record southern California housing boom, all made possible by water pumped from more than 200 miles away.

Wide, comfortable streets. Eucalyptus trees. House styles named Castile, Barcelona, El Dorado. Mission Bell street lamps. Olympic-size pool. Four recreation centers. Two golf courses. A 26-acre Wilderness Glen. Median family income the last time they counted, in 1974: $20,885. Cheapest new home today: $55,000. Accountants, salesmen, engineers, young professional athletes. The standard commute is north to the mundane cities: Long Beach, Santa Ana.

Until 1963 it was hot, dusty and dry here most of the year; now the only remnants of that life are the sepia photo-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL PARFIT



Contention: In Sacramento, pickets argue over yet another dam; at Mission Viejo, a new man-made lake enrages northern Californians

graphs of weathered fence posts and cattle on the walls of the banquet rooms in the country club. Like Marin County, Mission Viejo feels as if it's out in the country; the open hills around it, director Russo says, will be urbanized within 10 years.

Is this, then, what all the intricate and costly water development—the dams, the aqueducts, the energy spent at the pumps, the salt drawn into the Delta—is all about? No, not entirely, considering the dominance of agricultural water use. Yet without the votes of the southern California metropolitan area, there would have been no Owens River aqueduct, no Colorado River aqueduct and no State Water Project. So Mission Viejo, and the rest of the L.A. sprawl that Mission Viejo pretends to avoid while adding to it, is the center. All the other Californias are just colonies. This is the capital city. From here the word goes out: Bring me the meat, the wine, the water. Especially the water.

"I hate to belabor the point," says Martin Russo, wincing slightly as I take a photograph of a sprinkler watering new grass, "but the lake was built for the recreation of all the people in Mission Viejo, not just to sell houses on it."

When Mary Lou Busby and her husband, Tom, purchased a $100,000 four-bedroom home with a glimpse of the lake (a privilege they won in a lottery), they never imagined that it would be filled only halfway. Because until that happened, the drought seemed very distant indeed, hundreds of miles away, up at the other end of the California Aqueduct. One read about it in the papers and felt vaguely sympathetic but well removed, sort of the way one feels about Asian starvation. Conservation? Damn right. Mission Viejo has its own built-in conservation measure: a system that uses recycled water for landscaping and its two golf courses.

Still, in March 1977, water use for the whole Metropolitan Water District, which covers most of southern California, increased 35 percent over March 1976. The drought was somebody else's problem. So when the *San Francisco Chronicle* found out that Lake Mission Viejo—a lake planned solely for recreation—was being filled this spring with a mixture of northern California and Colorado River water, and announced that fact repeatedly in bold headlines until the state demanded that the tap be turned off, the Busbys were incensed.

"It really irritates me," says Mary Lou, a tiny, 28-year-old woman spring-loaded with anger, "that even though we have enough water down

here, we have to suffer just because northern California is suffering."

"The real difference between us and the north," says another Mission Viejo resident, Mike Walsh, an advertising salesman, echoing a common southern California sentiment, "is that when they were planning *their* water system, they blew it."

Los Angeles—Water and the Future

Los Angeles has come a long way since it first took water from the Owens Valley, but one thing hasn't changed: it is still trying to force, or finesse, some more. A few weeks ago, right after a district court indicated that it would probably deny L.A.'s plan to pump more water from Owens Valley (because, said the court, the city wasn't conserving current supplies vigorously enough), the Metropolitan Water District suddenly discovered that the shortage was far more severe than it had originally thought. As the *Los Angeles Times* put it, the MWD implied that, without help, the "Southland May Run Out of Water by Fall." That ought to put the screws on the courts and the politicians.

Meanwhile, MWD is pumping water out of the Colorado as if there were no tomorrow. And, in a sense, there isn't. With drought pressures in the north forcing an almost complete cutoff of its California Water Project supplies, MWD is pumping more water through its Colorado aqueduct than it was designed to take—800,000 gallons a minute, or about 1.3 million acre-feet a year. It is a ploy that cannot last for long.

In a 1963 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court held that Arizona has a right to far more water from the Colorado than California's continuing grab now allows. Under that decision, when Arizona begins to take its rightful share of water, the MWD will be left only 550,000 acre-feet a year—that is, when the poor Colorado (which, by the time it gets to Mexico, is so overused that it's almost salty enough to walk on) can spare it. And that day is approaching: when the Bureau of Reclamation's huge Central Arizona Project is completed (c. 1987), assuming it escapes Carter's current water project review, Arizona will finally be able to assert its rights and cut California down to size back at the tap.

Curiously, the MWD board of directors apparently feels confident enough about its future supplies from the north—which depend on increased Delta pumping—to have passed a resolution in March supporting continued funding of the Arizona project.

But perhaps MWD has something else in mind. Out in Pasadena, in a large concrete and glass building rising from the debris of urban renewal, I find the ultimate answer to all of these water dilemmas: still another project. This particular answer has a familiar ring to it. Need more of a depleted resource? Go get some more, in Alaska.

The plan is called NAWAPA—the North American Water and Power Alliance. Conceived in the mid-sixties by the Ralph M. Parsons Company, an international engineering firm, it proposes bringing water down from the Yukon and other rivers in Alaska and Canada to as far south as Mexico. The storage and transportation facilities would include a series of reservoirs, dominated by one 500 miles long, created by a dam higher than the Empire State Building; canals as wide as 730 feet; and tunnels as large as 80 feet in diameter. The system would move about 160 million acre-feet of water a year, of which California would get 7 to 13 million. The rest would be shared by 32 other states, Canada and Mexico. Total cost: $200 billion.

Parsons engineers say that the project would add to Mississippi River

From L.A., the word goes out: Bring me the meat, the wine, the water. Especially the water

flows, generate 70,000 to 180,000 megawatts of electricity, regulate the level of the Great Lakes, irrigate 86,300 square miles of desert and, finally, provide the legendary Northwest Passage for ships from the lakes to the Pacific.

"I think the whole infrastructure of our society is going to be badly upset soon if we don't do something about these pressing and basic water needs," said Dr. Nathan Snyder, the loquacious chief scientist for Parsons. "This could take care of our needs for a *hundred* years."

NAWAPA is greeted with some skepticism, even within the water development industry. "Too damn big," says Jim Cook of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. "Hell, we can't even sell a small project now without 20 damn years lead time and 900 hearings. Engineering-wise, it will work, but I don't think it's on the horizon."

Nonetheless, the plan reached Senate subcommittee hearings in the sixties, and at least one powerful water agency likes the concept. At a recent Los Angeles press conference at which Dr. Snyder promoted NAWAPA, a visiting lieutenant colonel of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers got up and said: "This is *our* kind of project!"

California—Water and Choices

And the heat goes on. Governor Brown is calling for rapid completion of the State Water Project "to provide for California's water needs to the year 2000." Other water developers, uninhibited by his concern with limits, look longingly up the north coast to the last relatively free-flowing rivers in the state, which are currently if precariously protected from dams by wild and scenic rivers legislation.

Meanwhile, governors and senators of other Western states are castigating Carter for opposing similar projects in their areas. Ironically, one of the loudest whiners is that erstwhile conservationist, Arizona congressman Morris Udall. Udall is upset because the Central Arizona Project's fate is now uncertain, although, just before he learned of the President's review proposal, he was among 74 senators and congressmen who signed a letter to Carter urging that "a serious effort must be made to trim off the waste of tax dollars on unnecessary water projects."

Among supporters of these new water works, the idea persists that such projects—which cannot possibly be completed in time to do any good during the present drought—will ease the impact of droughts to come. And in the sense that without its water systems, California might have been economically destroyed months ago by the present drought, the argument sounds legitimate. But it is also valid to speculate that, in the long run, the effect of these projects is quite the opposite of that intended. California, with its unequaled development and allocation of water, is, nonetheless, hardly a picture of security.

It is likely, environmentalist Daniel Luten suggests, that the continued construction of ever-bigger water projects simply allows a state—or nation—to grow beyond its natural limits, like an alcoholic obliviously destroying his liver; and each time we throw up another dam to ease our discomfort, like the alcoholic throwing down another drink, we are only digging ourselves into a deeper hole. The time to quit, says Luten, is now.

"The longer we put off these realities," he says, "in every case the more traumatic will be the day when we must face up to them. I hope that we are about done with big water projects. I hope that we're ready to come to terms with what we have." ●

SELF-HYPNOSIS

BY DAVID BLACK

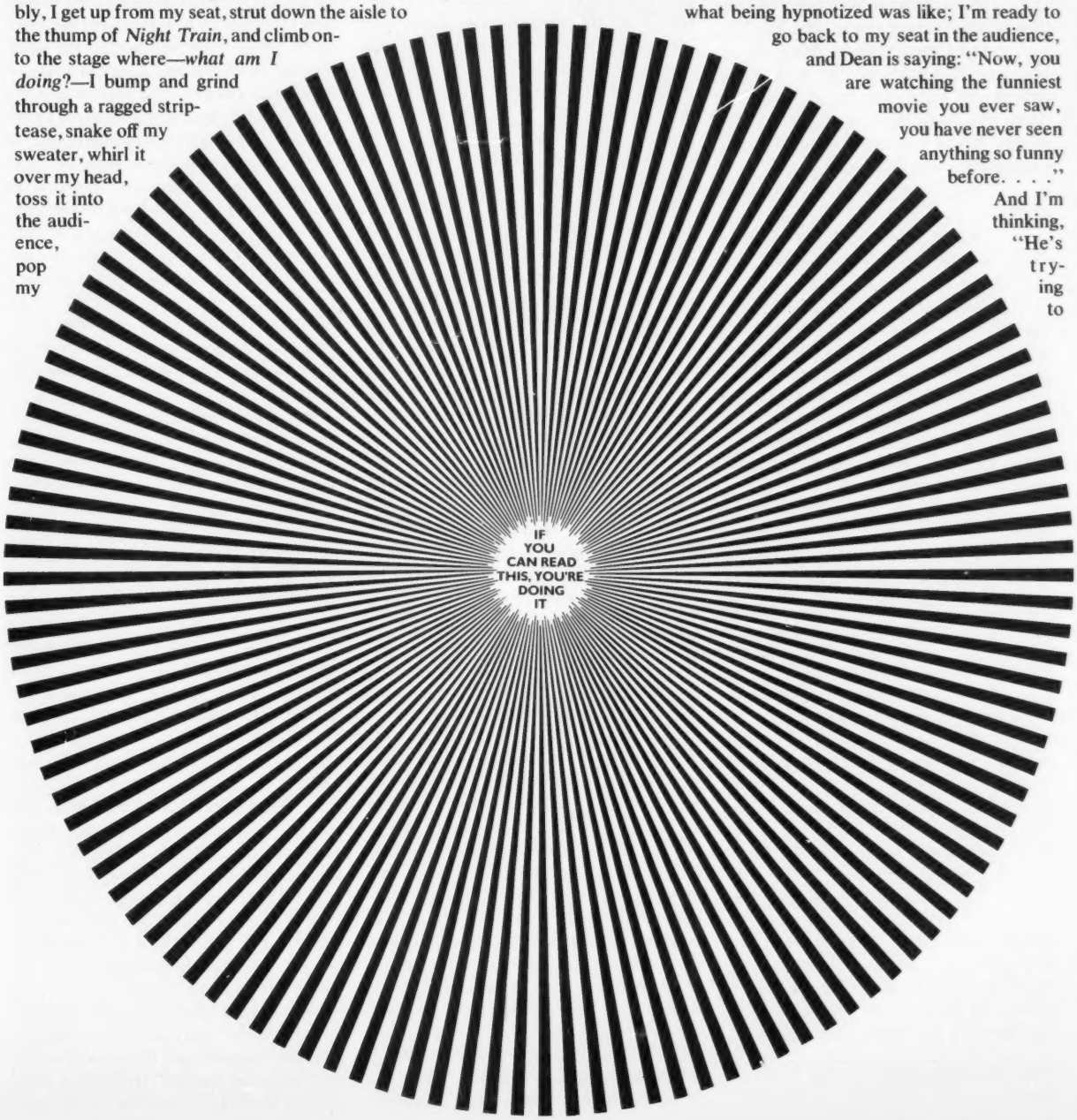
"How about a little *Night Train*," Dr. Michael Dean is saying from the stage of the Gaslight Room, upstairs in the Midway Chuck Wagon, on the corner of Midway and Rosecrans in San Diego, California.

The Gaslight Room is a class nightclub; the Midway Chuck Wagon is a class place. Cream-colored stucco with cobalt-blue wood trim, a fake balcony running around the second story, an arcade in front, globe lights the color of ripe cantaloupe, a mongrel style, part TV Barbary Coast, as in *Have Gun, Will Travel*, part French Quarter, as in *Yancy Derringer*; a fifties fantasy of frontier elegance for the sailors from the naval base and their wives, sitting there in the orange glow, watching and applauding . . . and suddenly, incomprehensibly, I get up from my seat, strut down the aisle to the thump of *Night Train*, and climb onto the stage where—*what am I doing*?—I bump and grind through a ragged striptease, snake off my sweater, whirl it over my head, toss it into the audience, pop my shirt buttons, shrug off my shirt, slither off my belt, toss it into the audience, unbutton my pants, unzip my fly. . . .

On the Gaslight Room's marquee, Dr. Michael Dean is touted as "The World's Foremost Hypnotist." Earlier in the show, I was one of a group of volunteers who sat in four rows of chairs on the stage, while Dean sing-songed:

"Sit back, uncross your arms, unclasp your hands, both feet on the floor, relax, just let yourself go, deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper into sleep, your eyes are getting heavier, your muscles are getting more and more relaxed, you are falling asleep deeper and deeper. . . ."

And I'm thinking, "No way I'm going to be hypnotized." I'm feeling sorry about that, because I wanted to know what being hypnotized was like; I'm ready to go back to my seat in the audience, and Dean is saying: "Now, you are watching the funniest movie you ever saw, you have never seen anything so funny before. . . ." And I'm thinking, "He's trying to



get us to laugh; I'm not going to laugh; I don't feel like laughing," except suddenly I am laughing. Tears are streaming down my cheeks I'm laughing so hard. I can't help myself. And I'm thinking, "This is weird. Why am I laughing?" And Dean says:

"Stop laughing, and go to sleep again."

Just as suddenly I'm no longer laughing and my head is lolling on my chest. I'm thinking, "How can I be hypnotized? I can think clearly. I can hear him clearly. But there's this odd humming noise which must be the sound of the audience. That's strange." And Dean is saying:

"Now, you are watching the saddest movie you ever saw in your life."

And I start sniffling. My eyes get hot. I get that tickle way up in the nose behind the eyes. My mouth stretches down, my throat tightens, my diaphragm pumps in and out, and I'm sobbing uncontrollably, and Dean says:

"Stop crying, and go to sleep again."

And my head rolls forward, and I think, "So this is what it feels like. I'm hypnotized."

Dean kept 14 of us on stage. During the show, he told us we were getting hot; we stripped off our sweaters, shirts, shoes and socks. He told us we couldn't find our feet; we fumbled trying to put our socks back on. He told us we were naked; we scrambled for the curtains to hide. He told us we stuttered; we couldn't spit out our names.

Some of us were more deeply hypnotized than others. When Dean asked me why I had been laughing, I couldn't explain. It had been an urge as uncontrollable as hiccuping. When he asked the man to my left why he had been laughing, he said, "The airplane just went through the billboard."

Half of us shared the feeling of being alert and awake, but unable to resist Dean's suggestions. Our minds seemed to prowl around the commands Dean gave, aware of them, but shying from directly confronting them. When Dean told the men in the group to put their shoes on the wrong feet, the woman sitting to my right said, "What nice shoes." She recognized something was awry, but she couldn't grasp what the trouble was. Later, when I asked her why she hadn't told me my shoes were on the wrong feet—although a paralyzed part of me knew all the time I was putting them on the wrong feet—she said, "I tried to tell you. I didn't know how to say it."

When Dean gave me the posthypnotic suggestion that after I returned to my seat in the audience, I would jump up and do a striptease as soon as the band played *Night Train*, I thought, "Hypnotized or not, there is nothing that can get me up on that stage to do a striptease. Nothing. I'll leave the room first."

I suspected that I'd cooperated in doing all the other silly stunts out of peer pressure. I'd been on stage. People were expecting a good show. Why the hell not go along. But, now, I was in the audience. When the music started playing, I could just stay seated.

The curious thing was not my giving in to the posthypnotic suggestion once the music started, but my wanting to give in. Hypnosis is psychic judo; the hypnotist can even use your resistance against you.

"A hypnotic trance is a state of attentive, responsive concentration," said Dr. Herbert Spiegel. "Attentive, responsive concentration. Not sleep. The opposite. Being awake and focused."

Spiegel, one of the dozen most eminent hypnotherapists in the United States, teacher of an almost legendary postgraduate course in hypnosis at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, sat in his Manhattan office among the pampas grass, the minimalist paintings, the lamps that looked like giant martini glasses, and casually dismissed the ghosts of Trilby, Svengali and Rasputin:

"There's nothing mystical about hypnosis. It's not something a hypnotist does to you. You do it yourself." The hypnotist's manipulations may trigger a trance state, may give a subject an excuse to enter a trance state, may create the conditions under which a subject will allow himself to enter a trance state. But the trance is a product of the subject's inclination, not the hypnotist's will. "Most hypnotic phenomena occur spontaneously without benefit of any kind of induction procedure."

Spiegel is a slight man with a shaved head and a mustache that hooks up just enough at the ends to make him look impish rather than dangerous. Listening to him talk is like watching a mobile turn in a breeze; his several obsessions keep recurring in new juxtapositions. When he says something he feels is important, his enjoyment of the perception raises and quickens his voice, and he sounds like a man who is relishing telling the punch line of a joke. After relating a particularly interesting or amusing story, he slaps his chest and says, "I love it." He inspires immediate trust and affection; I felt like a kid looking forward to a bedtime tale.

"When a surgeon is absorbed in doing a delicate operation, the odds are very great that he unwittingly goes into a trance state." Spiegel looked over his half-glasses. Being engrossed in a movie or a book or work may be a trance state. You're snuggled in that overstuffed chair by the window, tearing through a Travis McGee mystery, tense, hunched over the pages you're hardly aware you're turning; you don't hear your wife say, "It's midnight," or, if you do hear and respond with some mumbled, "Yeah, I'll be right in," the exchange seems to happen in some encapsulated bubble separated from, even parallel to, the story. The block of finished pages in your left hand gets thicker, and you're zooming now through those few unread pages and you're torn between wanting to find out what happens and not wanting the story to end; then abruptly you've turned the last page and the right-hand inside cover of the paperback is as blank as a window on the featureless zero of death, and you read the last paragraph and that's what it feels like: death. A whole world is suddenly gone. The story is over. You blink, lick your lips, and slowly feel yourself coming out of this—well, yes, trance almost.

That's hypnosis.

"Our sense of awareness in everyday life is a constant balance between focal attention and peripheral awareness," said Spiegel. "For example, if you're just sort of leaning there and you see a flash of light out the window, your peripheral awareness will pick it up. If you're absorbed in something I'm now saying and you're in suspense waiting for the next point and that flash goes off out there, the odds are you won't notice it. In a trance state you reduce your peripheral awareness and increase your focal attention. That's why people were misled into thinking hypnosis was sleep."

People have been sliding in and out of spontaneous trances for thousands of years, and for all that time, magicians and priests have been there to give those trances shape and claim credit. But it wasn't until the 18th century that western science first acknowledged the existence of hypnotism. Friedrich Anton Mesmer, an Austrian doctor, investigated trance behavior and explained that the human body was like a magnet, an animal magnet, and the powers of this peculiar living magnet, the animal magnetism, could be controlled by the will.

David Black last wrote for New Times on Shiatsu.

Think of hypnosis as aspirin for the soul

"Hypnosis is not a state; it's whatever state you suggest," said Theodore X. Barber, chief psychologist at the State Hospital in Medfield, Massachusetts, and former president of the Hypnosis Division of the American Psychological Association. "We're always talking to ourselves," he said. "We're always suggesting things to ourselves."

These suggestions—fragments of phrases, vagrant concepts—are souvenirs we have gathered ever since infancy. Two personal examples: My wife, ever since childhood, has suffered from extremely painful migraine headaches. During the time I researched this article, she had Dr. Nemon hypnotize her. Essentially, he told her she should define herself in a new way. She should exchange the idea that she was someone who got migraine headaches for the idea that she was someone who did not get migraine headaches. If she felt a headache starting, she should not use that twinge as a cue to run through the mental script: "Here I am getting a migraine." Instead, she should run through a new mental script: "Here I am avoiding getting a migraine."

Changing her mind-set was as simple as popping out one psychological tape cassette and clicking in a new one. The difficulty, of course, is learning how to pop out the old tape cassette—which is complicated by the belief that all those old cassettes are what make up your personality.

Hypnotism seemed convincing to my wife—more convincing, at least, than other methods. And, although she felt that she had not been hypnotized—she had the typical reaction: "I was just going along with it; I didn't feel I had to"—she has had only two headaches in the two months since the session: one as a result of being hung over, the other when she had the flu. Normally, in a two-month period, she would have had dozens.

The other example is more trivial: I recently bought a dart board. I have spent hours aiming at the bull's-eye and missing. One morning, when I was taking a break from writing this article, I passed the dart board on my way into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. And—with Barber's quote, "Stop telling yourself what you're telling yourself; tell yourself something else," in mind—I told myself, "You're not a person who misses what he aims at; whatever you aim at you'll hit."

Barber's advice seemed reasonable. I believed it would work. I was, in fact, very casual, relaxed, off-hand about it. Of course it will work. I grabbed the three darts, walked back to the masking-tape line on the floor and tossed the three darts at the bull's-eye.

All three went in. Triple bull's-eye.

I became a little . . . agitated, not at my sudden good aim, but at the prospect that suddenly unfolded. If it's that easy to change your behavior, why not simply stop doing all those neurotic things and, ho-hum, be the healthy, self-confident, unneurotic person you want to be.

I walked up to the dart board, retrieved the darts, walked back to the line, threw them. One hit the wall; the second didn't even score; the third hit the double 20, which wasn't bad, except I had been aiming again at the bull's-eye. If you can believe, it's not that hard to change your behavior; but it's hard to believe. (Did I really want the responsibility that would come with having such control over myself?) It's hard to want to believe.

Sick people were suffering from an imbalance in their magnetic fluid—which was understood to be an aura surrounding the body (similar to the Kirlian aura contemporary parapsychologists claim exists; hypnotism has long been tangled up with the paranormal, and much of the effort of 20th century researchers in hypnotism has been directed at trying to separate the two fields). Mesmer believed certain people had the power to affect the magnetic fluids of others. His Paris clinic did a booming business. Patients came from all over the continent to be magnetized. And such is the power of psychosomatic remedies over psychosomatic illnesses, that many were cured.

Mesmer was so successful, in fact, that his operation created an uproar in French society—especially among the traditional doctors who were losing business to him. He was Werner Erhard, Oscar Ichazo, Fritz Perls, L. Ron Hubbard, the whole Human Potential Movement rolled into one.

"There was such an upheaval," said Spiegel, "that it caused a closing of the medical schools in Paris. In retrospect, that wasn't such a bad idea, because the prevalent treatment in those days for most illnesses was bleeding. They were killing people right and left. The first contribution of Mesmerism was that it stopped the bleeding."

In 1784, the French government reacted with the Enlightenment's version of the Inquisition: they appointed a committee and called Mesmer a fraud.

"Ever since Mesmer, hypnotism has had an up and down career," said Spiegel. "People would get all involved in the subject and make exaggerated claims which were absurd. The subject would fall into disrepute and then be revived. Since the 1930s, there has been a gradual acceptance of hypnosis; and today it's recognized more than ever before."

The only trouble is that studying hypnotism is like trying to wash a bar of soap: the more you do it, the less there is to work with. Hypnotism seems to be very much like children's play-acting: "Let's pretend this stick is a gun." And you sneak around the park as cautiously as though the stick *were* a gun. Your blood rushes, adrenalin floods your system; if you see a flash of the stick through the leaves, you panic and dive for cover. Hypnotism is sitting around the campfire and joking so effectively about how the wind rustling the branches sounds like a wolf stalking the campsite that you stay awake all night to feed the fire because you've convinced yourself *maybe there is a wolf out there!* It's an ability to concentrate, a willingness to imagine, and an openness to suggestion. The openness to suggestion is the joker in the deck. People in a hypnotic state seem so malleable.

There are a baker's half-dozen of theories explaining hypnotism: hypnotism is hysteria, dissociation, conditioned reflex, a physical cerebral change, a psychosomatic phenomenon, a highly developed response to suggestion, old theories, new theories—names which describe the state usually in terms as unexplainable as the word they are trying to define: hypnotism is hypnotism.

Spiegel divides the trance experience into three stages. Imagine three concentric circles. Each circle is lit by a bank of lights. The three circles represent awareness. At each stage, one of the banks of lights is switched off, until all that is left is a single spotlight in the center of the innermost circle: concen-

trated focal attention.

The first stage, the aura, is marked by anticipatory anxiety. The three circles are lit. The subject is hyped up, scanning the room, ready to be hypnotized. He checks out the hypnotist; yup, that's how a hypnotist should look. He feels as excited as an actor about to make an entrance.

In the second stage, the psychophysiological enhancement, the hypnotist cons the subject into thinking that the hypnotist is controlling the subject's responses.

"Stare at that spot on the wall," says the hypnotist.

The subject does.

"Your eyelids are getting heavy," says the hypnotist.

The subject notices his eyelids are getting heavy, and he thinks, "Wow. This hypnotist is good."

All the hypnotist is doing is directing the subject's attention to his own psychophysiological changes. The outer bank of lights, peripheral awareness, is switching off.

Spiegel calls the third stage The Plunge. He describes the relationship between the hypnotist and the subject as being analogous to that between a swimmer and a coach: "The coach," says Spiegel in his monograph "Hypnosis and Transference" (published in the *A.M.A. Archives of General Psychiatry*), "can guide the swimmer to the edge of the pool, can give instructions about how to jump, can even anticipate the actions in the water, but at some point the swimmer himself has to take the plunge. The nature of the tie that the swimmer has with the coach can determine the ease, the speed, and the confidence that the swimmer has in exploring the water."

The second bank of lights are switched off. Only the spotlight above the inner circle is lit. Consciousness is focused. Zzzzz-zap: *Trance*!

"The paradox about hypnotism," said Spiegel, "is what appears to be a loss of control is really an exercise in greater control."

When a stage hypnotist tells a woman—as Michael Dean did—that her muscles are so rigid he will be able to stretch her between two chairs and stand on her, and he is able to, then that woman is exercising extraordinary control over her body. When I respond to a post-hypnotic suggestion by doing a striptease in front of hundreds of people, I am exercising extraordinary control over my behavior. I am able to short-circuit or steamroll over my inhibitions.

Seventy to 75 percent of the adult population—virtually all those who are mentally healthy—seem to be able, to some extent, to give up control to get control. (*Giving up control to get control*: that paradox echoes the formula—dying in order to be reborn; losing yourself in order to find yourself—that a number of religions advocate for achieving enlightenment, for entering into a state of grace.)

The extent to which you can be hypnotized is fixed, although it is not clear whether trance capacity is inborn or learned at an early age. (There is some evidence that children as a group may be more hypnotizable than adults and that trance capacity firms up in adolescence.)

Spiegel began noticing that a person's hynotizability seems to be correlated to an ability to roll the eyes up into the head. Someone who can make his irises vanish while his eyes stay open—looking like one of the children in the science fiction movie *Children of the Damned*—usually turns out to be very hypnotizable. Someone who strains usually turns out to be a poor subject. Based on this and other related observations, Spiegel developed a revolutionary five-minute test, which, though still controversial, is gaining wide acceptance. He grades subjects one (poor) to five (excellent). Of the 70-75 percent of hypnotizable adults, 10-15 percent tend to fall on the low end of the scale, 10-15 percent tend to rise to the high end, and the majority, as usual, clumps somewhere in the middle.

Ones are Apollonians, cerebral, unemotional. The couple in *Scenes From a Marriage* are ones. They talk about what they're feeling. Fives are Dionysians, oozing with emotions. McMurphy in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* is a five. George and Martha in *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf* are solid threes, alternating between talk and eruptions. Ones and fives can complement each other (the one being the anchorman in the relationship, the five supplying the color) or they can conflict.

Motivation can boost a two up to a three; resistance can drop a three down to a two. But a one can never become a five. If you want to train a *Manchurian Candidate* assassin, get a five; you *can* make someone do something he normally would refuse doing. I might be revolted by the idea of murder; but, if under hypnosis someone gave me a loaded .357 Magnum and said, "This is a toy gun; pretend to shoot that guy over there," I might do it. Or, if my internal censor prevented me from being manipulated like that, the hypnotist could give me a gun—"It's real; see!" *Bang*—and point out a little old lady, explaining, "She's a vile human being, a mass murderer, just ripped the nails out of a one-year-old's fingers, jammed bamboo shoots into your grandfather's eyes, and poured molten lead down your sister's throat." And I might shoot. (I'm a high three.)

The hypnotist doesn't transform you into another person. You are still you. He just shapes your experience. If he tells you you're in a courtroom, you act the way you would before a judge. If he tells you you're crossing a busy intersection, you act as though cars were whizzing past. He is the stage manager of your psyche.

But he can't evoke something which isn't in you. When a hypnotist regresses you, he conjures up your past, not someone else's. And the past he explores is, like a night landscape, a stretch of darkness illuminated in patches. Each patch is a memorable moment—a birthday, a Christmas, a death in the family, an autumn afternoon when you walked home from school with the smell of burning leaves—and can be retrieved.

A Proustian delight. A promise of escape from the present, that bright, locked cell whose walls are as seamless as the sides of a squash court. All a hypnotist has to do to make you regress is to look for your own *madeleine*, which will unlock the secret door to your past.

Proustian *and* Freudian! Instead of rummaging blindly in your past and grabbing up a fistful of odd, half-formed memories like so much dirty laundry, then rushing to your therapist with a night's worth of cleaning, you can be hypnotized and *pronto-presto*: there it all is, everything neatly laid out in the therapist's office for leisurely examination . . .

And can you even regress into infancy—eight months old, seven months, six—and respond with the typical strong baby grip and sucking motions? And beyond the womb, out past—zygote!—the moment of conception, back through the Bardos, into an earlier incarnation? Spiegel shook his head: "That's all fantasy."

Hypnotism is a tool for dealing with this world, not an interstate into another one. It can be used as an anesthetic, as a means of relaxing in childbirth, as a way of easing someone out of a bad habit or into a good one, and as an aid in therapy, an aid which could in time become the central ritual of the therapeutic process.

"Psychoanalysis is an interesting movement which has had its day," said Spiegel. "I'm a psychoanalyst. But I'm atypical. I don't feel I have a religion of psychoanalysis. The dogma of psychoanalysis is: You can't evoke any changes

in people unless you understand why. Much can be done with hypnosis without knowing why."

Symptoms that hypnosis eliminates do not necessarily reappear as new symptoms because many of them may be psychological fossils left over from some emotional Mesozoic Era, habits really, not symptoms.

"In general," Spiegel said, "psychoanalysts tend to have closed minds. If you ask them why [they don't use hypnosis], their rationale is: 'When I was young and didn't know any better I was excited about it, but now that I'm sophisticated I don't need it.' I get the feeling that they don't use it because, since Freud gave up hypnosis [they feel], 'Who are we mere mortals to have the temerity to work in a field that the Master himself abandoned?' "

Why did Freud give up hypnosis? Spiegel slapped his chest and said, "It's a wonderful story. He was working with a patient and apparently having very impressive results. The patient was so grateful that, when the session was over, she put her arms around him and kissed him. Just at that moment—his office was in his home—his maid opened the door and saw the patient embracing Herr Professor. He got terribly embarrassed, and wrote he didn't, until that moment, appreciate the awesome power a hypnotist has over his patients. And, since it is such a powerful thing, he felt he'd better not use it." Spiegel grinned. "But it works."

"I was at my wit's end two weeks before getting married," said Helen. "I was so frightened, I couldn't even go to other people's weddings."

"The first time it happened," said Michael, her husband, "we were in a church in New Jersey. Helen just burst into tears. I thought she didn't want to get married."

"I tried everything," said Helen, "counseling, psychiatry— I'd start sweating thinking about it. Finally, I called up Dr. Spiegel. He'd had a lot of publicity at that time with cigarette smokers. But he was too expensive. He suggested I call Dr. Nemon."

William J. Nemon was at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center at Harvard University when he met Spiegel. He was so impressed with Spiegel's work that he transferred to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital for a special residency so he could study hypnosis. When Helen called, he had just recently gone into private practice.

"What are you afraid of?" Nemon asked her.

"The church," Helen said. "The altar, the pews, the dim lighting, the religious feeling."

Nemon leaned back in his chair in Helen and Michael's living room as Helen described their first meeting.

"I liked you and trusted you right away because you didn't go through a lot of shrink talk," said Helen.

"You had a classic phobia," Nemon said. "And the classic treatment of phobias is step-by-step to desensitize the person to the phobic response. In your case, for example, to have you imagine yourself a block away from the church, then on the sidewalk in front of the church, then on the steps, in the doorway, always reassuring you that you're calm and relaxed. I like to try a more rapid way first, however. I try to get the person to generate positive feelings about the whole situation, to get the person turned on to what they're afraid of, whether it's flying in an airplane, having a baby or getting married. It helped that Helen came to me fairly desperate; she had a strong motivation which helped the hypnosis work."

"When a surgeon is absorbed in an operation, odds are he unwittingly goes into a trance state," explains Spiegel

"He told me, 'Everybody loves you in church,' " said Helen. "He told me I was walking down the aisle and I looked so pretty and happy."

"That's right," said Nemon. "I remember. You were upset, not only about how you felt, but about how people would see you, that they would see you upset."

"He hypnotized me," said Helen, "and took me through the ceremony. And he taught me how to hypnotize myself. Just before I went down for the wedding, I took a deep breath, rolled my eyes up, counted to three, and said to myself, 'I'm the prettiest girl. Everybody adores me. It's like being a movie star.' "

"You got turned onto it," said Nemon, laughing. "Wonderful."

Dr. William S. Kroger—Professor of Medicine at UCLA, member of the board of scientific directors at the Morton Prince Clinic for Hypnotherapy in New York City, the first doctor to use hypnosis as an anesthetic in a Caeserian section and a hysterectomy, author of over 250 scientific articles and a three-foot shelf-full of medical textbooks ("God, I can't believe I wrote all this!")—came in from the swimming pool and jiggled in the middle of his study in his Beverly Hills mansion, until his baggy red bathing trunks slipped from his waist and dropped around his ankles. He belted his old bathrobe tighter and began pacing, Groucho-like, around the room. I half expected a duck to drop from the ceiling if I said the secret word—which was obviously not *hypnosis*.

"Forget that word," he said. "Whenever an individual relaxes—no matter what you call it: TM, yoga, prayer—he concentrates better. When he concentrates better, he develops an exquisite receptivity. That's all hypnosis is. Hypnosis is a clear channel for communication. Hypnosis is biofeedback. Your expected attitudes create an appropriate response; est is hypnosis. Behavior Mod is hypnosis. Parapsychological phenomena are hypnosis. If you expect to see a ghost, you will see a ghost. Imagination is a wonderful thing. Psychoanalysis is hypnosis in slow motion. People get cured the way they expect to get cured. If they believe they're going to get well, it doesn't matter whether they're in analysis with a Freudian, a Jungian, a Gestalt therapist, whether they are in est or at an acupuncturist's office. Wittingly or unwittingly, doctors have used hypnosis for thousands of years. A good doctor can practice medicine effectively with fewer than 25 drugs, a good knowledge of differential diagnosis and a *profound* knowledge of suggestion. There's more value in the doctor's words than in his medicines. All these systems are metaphors."

Advertising is hypnosis. Salesmanship is hypnosis. Watching a play is hypnosis. Psyching yourself up for sports is hypnosis. Tapping forgotten assets and hidden potentials is hypnosis. You can slow down the experience of time with hypnosis. You can speed up the experience of time with hypnosis. Whatever you can imagine, you can have access to with hypnosis. Hypnosis is the unconscious agreement to share the assumptions about the world that underlie any society. It is also the ability to break through those assumptions.

Hypnosis.

"Forget that word," Kroger repeated. "Forget that word. There is no hypnosis."

Hypnosis is whatever concentration, imagination and suggestion can create. Hypnosis is reality.●

BRAVE NEW CHICKENS

By Stephen Singular

The chicken, not too many years ago, made delightfully random and idiosyncratic clucking noises; now its sound is more like a moan, as the rigors of modern farming come home to roost

The Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior keeps an up-to-date list of endangered species. Six hundred and eleven animals are now on it, including the Utah prairie dog, the Sonoran pronghorn, the gray wolf, the San Joaquin kit fox, the black-footed ferret, the Southern bald eagle and the Hawaiian hoary bat. None has much chance at survival. Were it not a domesticated animal, there is another creature that could be added to the list: the barnyard chicken. In 1910, there were 5.5 million farms in America with an average of 80 free-ranging chickens apiece. (In New York City, there was still one bird for every two people.) Today, 20 conglomerate businesses, each with millions of hens or broilers, dominate poultry production in this country. Many people under 25 have not only never seen a barnyard chicken, they have quite possibly never seen a live chicken.

The barnyard chicken, in other words, has gone the way of the barnyard itself. That spirited outdoor scavenger of table scrappings and night crawlers has given way to another chicken altogether, a research laboratory animal that is born in

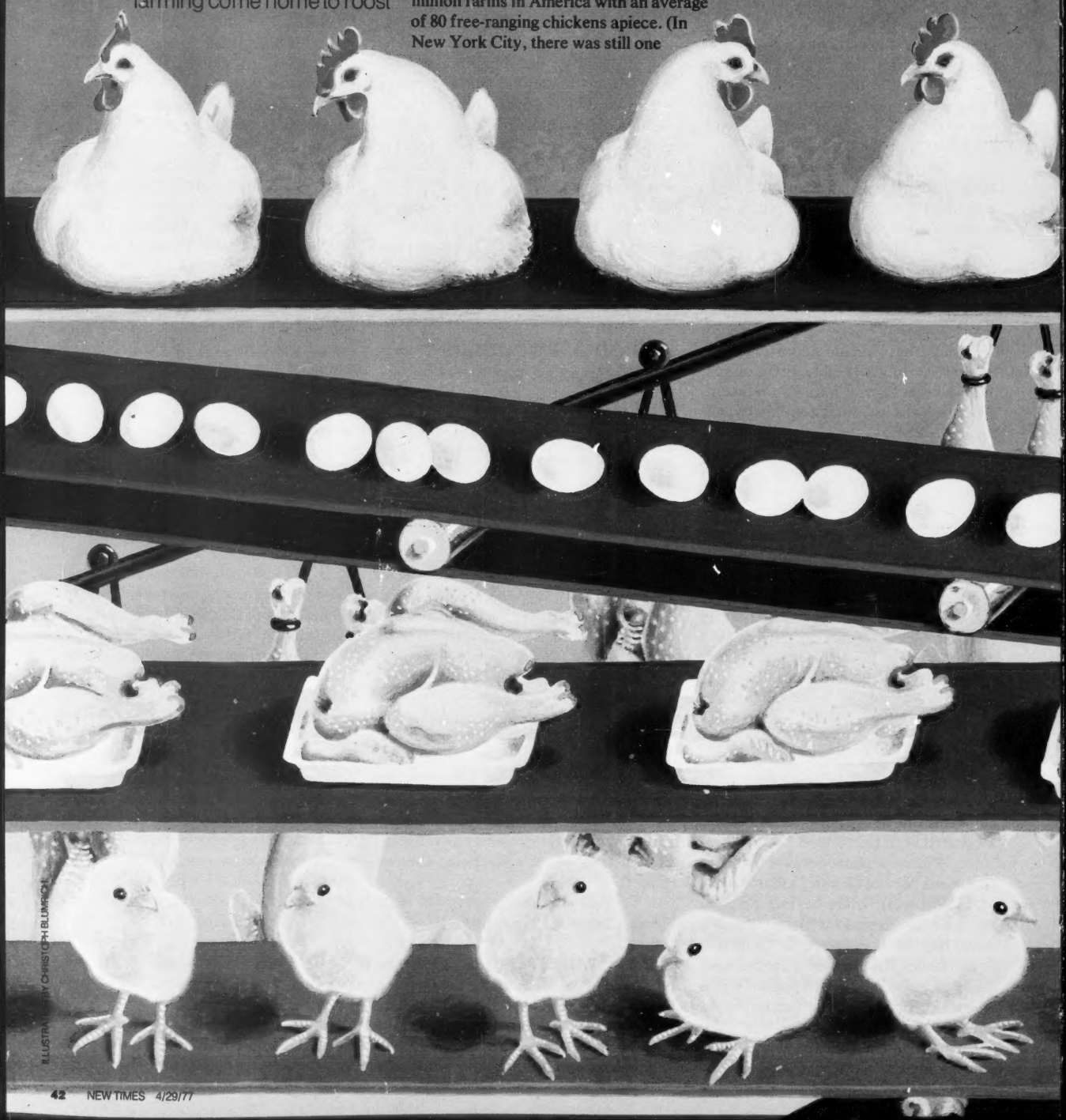
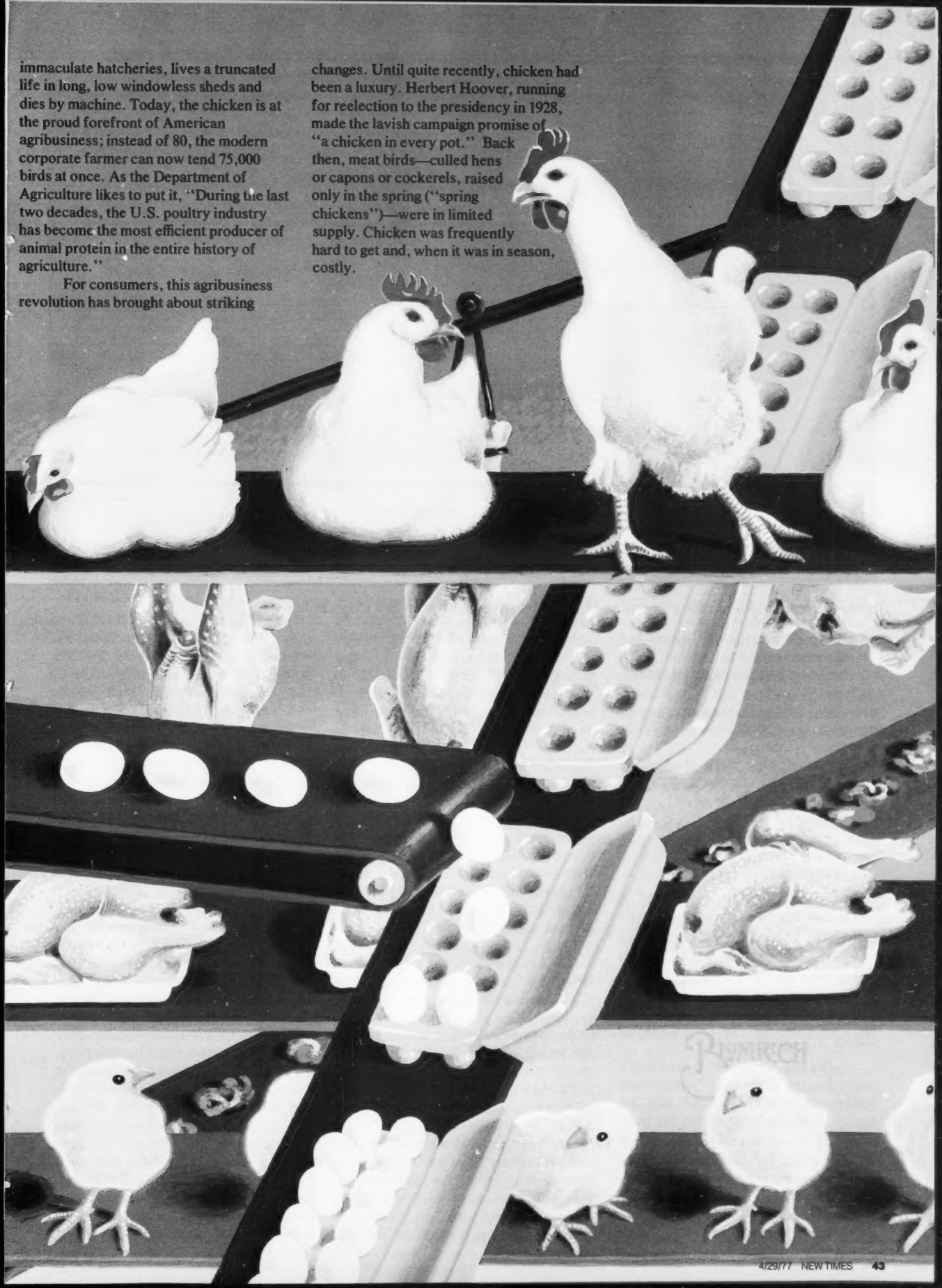


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPH BLUMROLL

immaculate hatcheries, lives a truncated life in long, low windowless sheds and dies by machine. Today, the chicken is at the proud forefront of American agribusiness; instead of 80, the modern corporate farmer can now tend 75,000 birds at once. As the Department of Agriculture likes to put it, "During the last two decades, the U.S. poultry industry has become the most efficient producer of animal protein in the entire history of agriculture."

For consumers, this agribusiness revolution has brought about striking changes. Until quite recently, chicken had been a luxury. Herbert Hoover, running for reelection to the presidency in 1928, made the lavish campaign promise of "a chicken in every pot." Back then, meat birds—culled hens or capons or cockerels, raised only in the spring ("spring chickens")—were in limited supply. Chicken was frequently hard to get and, when it was in season, costly.



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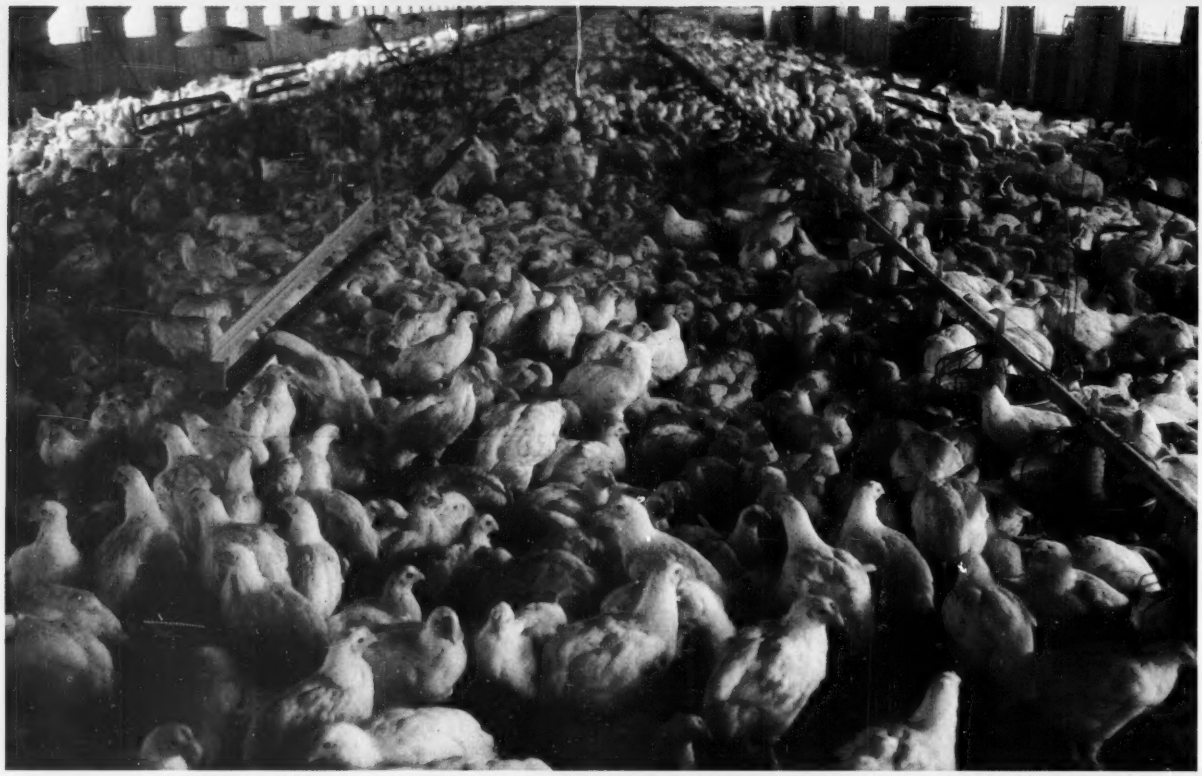


Birds of a feather: At Perdue, as many as 75,000 chickens are cared for in a single building

A Sunday chicken dinner carried more prestige than steak. This has, of course, all changed. Chicken is now abundantly available year round and, unlike almost everything else, costs roughly what it did 30 years ago: about sixty-five cents a pound. It is the poorer person's high-protein meat staple, offering more protein, less fat and less cholesterol than either lamb, pork or beef. The egg is similarly a blessing of nature—and inexpensive. The egg today sells for less than it did in 1920. One egg provides a person with 70 calories, all vitamins except C and one-eleventh of his daily protein requirement. Egg yolk by itself can sustain human life indefinitely. This year, each of us will eat an average of over 300 eggs and 40 pounds of chicken meat. Man could easily live by the chicken alone—and it is not too much to say that the bird has perhaps become the most important animal in our lives.

But the Agriculture Department's claim for the "efficiency" of modern poultry production has another side. Because of the way chickens are now raised, there are those who would argue that not only the barnyard chicken but the chicken itself, as we have known it for the last 5,000 years, is an endangered species. In *The Chicken Book,* Page Smith and Charles Daniel put it most strongly. "Feathered bipeds," they write, "bearing a superficial resemblance to the chicken, will continue to exist under the auspices of our technological society, but, and one must insist on this, *they will not be chickens and their eggs will not be eggs.*" Smith and Daniel go on to say that agribusiness has adversely affected the quality and possibly even the health and safety of the poultry meat and eggs we consume; and that modern techniques have altered the behavior—the very nature—of the chicken. The authors imply that something else—more complex and harder to define and determine the significance of—has also changed: our relationship to a creature raised for food.

A century ago, chickens were selected and specially bred only for their beauty. Proud owners displayed their favorite breeds at poultry shows and county fairs. Agribusiness geneticists today can produce a ten-pound hen, flavored garlic, that lays an egg with a green yolk. In California recently, a farmer decided to breed chickens weighing 20 to 25 pounds. A fox broke into this chicken house one night and the birds quickly killed it. Robert Frost and Ogden Nash once wrote poetry to the glory and constancy of the mother hen. Currently, 280 million American hens live in wire-mesh cages. Beyond laying an unfertilized egg, they fulfill no mothering functions. The Animal Welfare Act passed by Congress in 1970 set standards declaring that cages for animals "shall provide sufficient space to allow each animal to make normal postural and social adjustments with adequate freedom of movement." This law applies to animals in zoos, circuses, wholesale pet stores and laboratories, but not to animals raised for food. In most instances, the laying hens' cage is 15 inches wide and 20 inches long, and there are five birds in each cage. A chicken's wingspan averages 30 inches. Also, a chicken foot is not well-suited to wire mesh. The metal can cut into the toes and, when this happens, it is not uncommon for the wire to implant itself and for the bird to grow fast to the cage–with any luck, within reach of the food and water supply.

The transformation of the chicken began with the American "invention" of an incubator in 1844. (The ancient Egyptians had built incubators, capable of holding 15,000 eggs at once, that were surpassed technologically only 60 years ago.) A hen, left to herself, will lay about 115 eggs a year. She will lay an egg a day until there are as many in her nest as her feathers can cover. She then will sit on the eggs for 20 or 21 days, till the chicks hatch, and she will not begin laying again until her brood can fend for themselves

several weeks later. Using today's incubator, the farmer can take the eggs, once laid, immediately away from the hen. If you separate a hen from her eggs, she lays more eggs. If you confine a hen, she will continue to lay regularly and you can also control her diet—to make her lay still more. In the 1930s, it was discovered that a hen's pituitary gland, located at the base of her brain, is stimulated by light. Once stimulated, this gland produces hormones, which in turn stimulate the ovaries, which produce an egg. It was believed that a hen would eat only in the light and that the more she ate, the more eggs she laid. So hens were soon being exposed to artificial light 21 hours a day.

The change from a natural and open environment to a synthetic and completely closed one followed rapidly. Hen houses were built without windows. Light bulbs and vitamins replaced the sun. Air conditioning became the wind. In place of the sprouts and worms she had once foraged for, the hen was now fed minerals and chemicals. If the bird seemed nervous or upset by all this, she was given a tranquilizer. A female chick was vaccinated for a variety of diseases at birth and debeaked soon after, to prevent her from cannibalizing her sisters in confinement. (In large-scale "egg" businesses, male chicks are nothing more than a nuisance. They are generally destroyed when born and fed to hogs.) The ageless pecking order of hens, which operates in flocks up to 90, disappeared. So, too, did countless varieties of chickens. Once it was discovered that a hybridized White Leghorn laid more and bigger eggs with thicker shells, other breeds were phased out of production. Next to go were the descriptive names. By the forties and fifties, White Leghorn had become K-42; Rhode Island Red, another survivor, was dubbed K-83. By the mid fifties, the Kimber Farms Lab in Fremont, California, had "invented" a hen guaranteed almost to double Mother Nature's egg production schedule, to 200 eggs a year. By the sixties, the average was 250, with some birds good for 300.

For chicken meat, Americans now kill, process and eat 3 billion birds each year. The evolution of the mass-produced meat chicken, though it trailed behind automated egg production, is a parallel tale of agribusiness success. Forty years ago, research revealed that a Barred Plymouth Rock crossed with a New Hampshire Red produced a bird superior in the quality and quantity of its flesh. This hybrid chicken could be raised in confinement year round and fed a high-protein diet to make it eat less overall and still grow faster. When one discusses the meat chicken's diet these days, one talks in terms of feed-conversion ratios: How many pounds of chicken feed does it take to make a pound of chicken? Twenty years ago, it took about 15 weeks and 12 pounds of feed to get a 3.5-pound broiler. Now it takes only eight weeks or less and eight pounds of feed to bring a 4-pound bird to the slaughterhouse. From birth, between 95 percent and 98 percent of the broilers grown in this country are fed antibiotics for disease prevention and to make them eat more; many are given hormones to cause even more speedy growth; and some are fed the chemical xanthophyll and other dyes, which make their flesh yellow, the color most people associate with healthy chicken meat.

The most prestigious poultry science department in the United States is at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. Jimmy Rice started this department in 1903 and Rice Hall, built in 1912, was the first building in this country devoted exclusively to the science of raising chickens. Because of the subsequent work done at Cornell in genetics, nutrition, physiology and food science, Rice is considered the father of the modern poultry industry.

In February, I visited Cornell and spent the day with two professors, Charles Ostrander and Robert Baker. The former is known for his work in light-control and waste management and the latter for his creation of many "convenience foods" made with chicken. Ostrander, who was to be my guide through Cornell's Poultry Research Farm, has been at the school 26 years. He now works in extension—"getting what we know out into the field." A stocky, square-faced man with shallow-set eyes, he wears steel-rimmed glasses and smokes a pipe. In his office are myriad pictures of chickens. A large silver egg sits on his desk, and a button on the wall says, "Think Manure."

As he drove out to the farm, Ostrander began talking about some of Cornell's recent research. "We used to believe," he said, "that a chicken would ovulate only in the light and that light affects the bird's pituitary gland through its eyes. Now we know that light affects the hypothalamus instead of the pituitary gland. The hypothalamus is a small gland at the back of the brain. You've got one, too, but we don't know nearly as much about yours. We put the chicken's head into a vice and then drill into it to find the hypothalamus. We can hit this little thing every time. Then we attach electrodes to it which measure all the bird's reactions to changes in heat and light. By stimulating the hypothalamus, our physiologists have found that we can completely control the bird's reproductive system. What we've discovered is that the bird will ovulate in the dark. It only needs a little exposure to light to trigger the hypothalamus. It's just a matter of timing the light in relation to the ovulation cycle to make the bird think it's another day. We're now keeping chickens practically in the dark and getting as many eggs as always."

At the farm, we entered a garage-like building. The room was mostly dark and cold. I heard a series of muffled moans, not sounds one would associate with a chicken. In front of us, 16 gray, square chambers were aligned in four rows. Ostrander explained that in each chamber were five cages with three birds to a cage. Inside the chambers, the lighting, food, water and air supplies are controlled by time clocks. The chickens would be kept here for a year and given five different "treatments." In this treatment, Ostrander said, the birds are given light for 2 hours, then darkness for 10, then light for 15 minutes, and then darkness for 12 more hours.

"Oops," he said, opening a chamber door. "We hit one with a mortality rate." One of the five cages was empty. Three birds had died and been removed for autopsies. The other 12 chickens looked confused, haggard. All were standing. Their combs were pale pink and their coloring seemed a little out of focus: dirty white, rather than the soft white of chicken feathers. The birds moved little because there was little room to move. They continued, only more loudly now, to make thin, eerie sounds. "The idea here," Ostrander said, "is to lower the use of electricity and food consumption. The theory is that the birds will use less energy in the dark because they will keep quiet and, hopefully, eat less. It seems to be working out well."

We left the garage and walked over to a long white shed. This building was normally lighted and held thousands of chickens, all in cages. The birds sent up waves of shrieks. The chickens looked similar to those we had seen earlier, except these were more ragged. Many had chests that were almost bare, as if they had been plucked by cagemates. As we walked down the aisle between the rows of cages, Ostrander would point out the various experiments. "These are dwarfs," he said, stopping in front of some small birds. "We select dwarf genes to make dwarf birds. Some

people are getting interested in marketing this mini-bird because it's economical. It eats little. The problem is that it lays a small egg. We're now trying to reverse the genes and get a small bird that lays a large egg."

We observed other experiments with color patterns in chickens, with selective breeding—the rooster's back is massaged until he ejaculates and then his sperm is injected into the hen—and with the use of selenium in chicken feed. Selenium is a natural compound fed to caged chickens to prevent muscular distrophy and to promote growth. In large quantities, selenium is toxic to humans. The government allows it in the feed in small doses, and the experiments at Cornell are trying to find the maximum acceptable level of selenium use.

Ostrander told me that they can now grow a chicken on a "low-energy diet," down from 1,300 kilocalories a pound a few years ago to 1,000 kilocalories a pound today. "We know a lot more about the nutritional requirements of chickens than about human beings," he said. "If we regulated our own food as much as theirs, we'd be a lot better off." A chicken, he went on, doesn't need much energy now because it gets no exercise; yet even on this new diet, the hens are managing to lay a few more eggs than before. "One of the problems in poultry, though," he said, "is the loss of eggs through breakage. We're trying to put a better shell on the eggs but we're defeating our purpose by expecting the hen to produce more. She has to keep wrapping more eggs with calcium, and she only has so much calcium. This is still a management problem, a real hassle." One problem Ostrander didn't mention is that hens without enough calcium in their bones can't stand up. They go down in their cages and stay down.

We went next to the genetics house, where chickens breed naturally. This was an old-fashioned breeder house with windows full of sunlight, large open spaces and a dirt floor. I leaned on a wood fence and watched the birds. For the first time that morning, I observed chickens behaving as I assumed chickens always had. Nothing I had yet heard could approach the insistent, satisfied clucks and cackles of the hens. They were shapely, fully feathered birds, rich white in color, that looked in command of their bodies and of their environment as they roamed about freely and preened on the edges of their food troughs. Perhaps it was an illusion, caused by their freedom of movement, but the birds looked bigger than any I had so far seen. A huge rooster strutted across the pen, crowing vainglorously as he pawed the ground. Standing behind a hen, he mounted her swiftly, then moved away, and crowed again. He continued to strut, making those funny, jutting head and neck movements a chicken makes. "Our work here," Ostrander was saying, " is to produce a more profitable bird. By line-crossing them, we get hybrid vigor, better eggshell quality, hatchability, livability and more production. We're now looking for between 50 and 75 breeder characteristics affecting production."

At the last stop at the farm, the "Agricultural Waste Management Laboratory," Ostrander was conducting further experiments with light. "We've got these birds on a half foot-candle," Ostrander said. "This allows them to be stimulated but not cannibalistic. I'm convinced that we don't need more than two-tenths of a foot-candle to get maximum results." Many of the birds were naked of feathers and all looked and sounded sickly, straggly, lost, and cannibalized. Their cages sat up in the air, several feet above a cesspool. Connected to their cages were feed troughs, and below them egg troughs, for the birds to lay in. As we watched, the chickens ate and defecated continually. Their droppings fell into the cesspool and were churned up into a liquid. This liquid was then being pumped back up into their feed troughs. "These birds," Ostrander said, "are drinking waste water. And they're actually *out*-producing some of the other birds." I stared at this process for a minute or more. Ostrander then added, with a chuckle I could only interpret as nervousness, "We call this recycling."

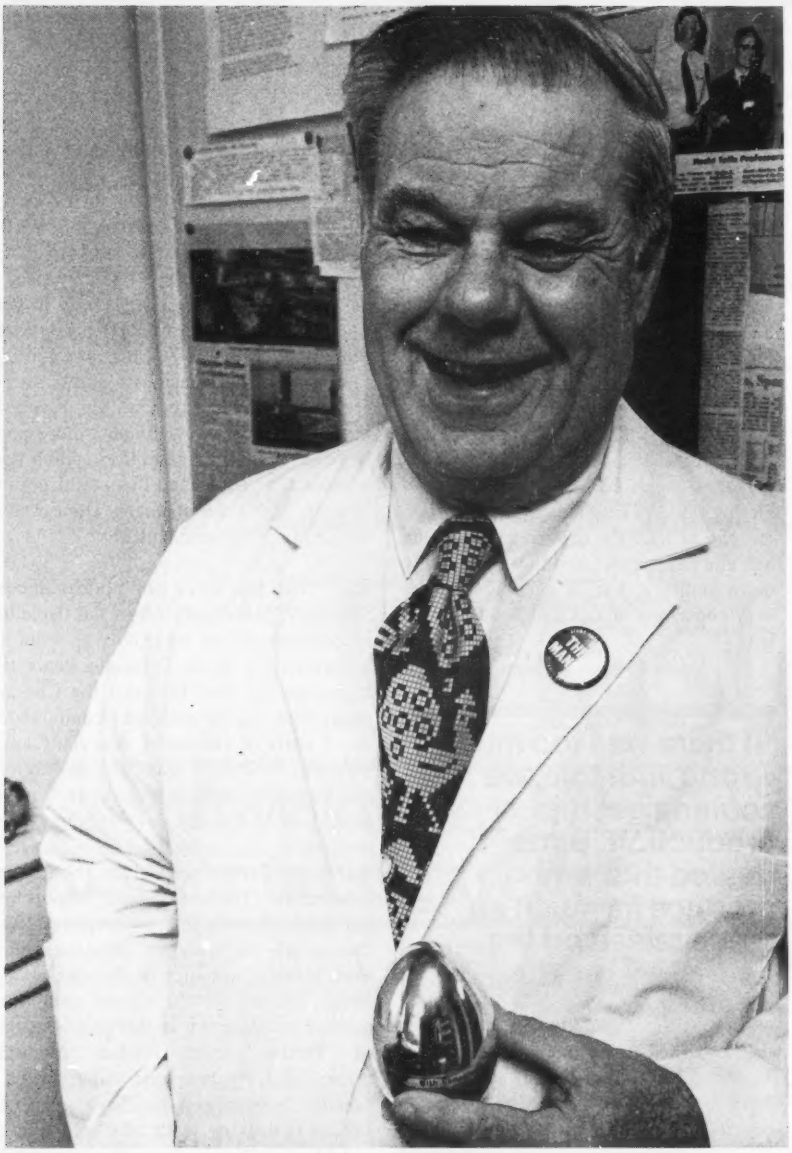
"If you want to be frank about it, the bird we eat today has very little flavor. It's bland. The old barnyard fowl was an older bird with a hard fat full of flavors from the wild things it ate"

Back at his office, Ostrander and I discussed the taste of chicken today. Raising poultry quickly, in confinement, and on a high-protein diet has, some say, removed the flavor from the meat. The Department of Agriculture acknowledged this problem almost 30 years ago when their scientists tried to isolate the chemical compounds that give chicken its flavor and aroma. The scientists wanted, through feeds, to put that flavor and aroma back into the new, mass-produced bird. Dr. Robert Horvat, a research chemist at the USDA-funded Richard Russell Research Center in Athens, Georgia, worked on this project for nearly five years before abandoning it. "None of our combinations of compounds has so far made it," Horvat told me. "This will be a long-term and costly project."

I asked Ostrander his opinion of the new chicken. "If you want to be frank about it," he said, "the bird we eat today has very little flavor. It's bland. We hear this in the field all the time. The old barnyard fowl was an older bird with a hard fat full of flavors from the wild things it ate. Nutritionally, the bird we eat now is probably as good. And it's more sanitary. But these new birds don't get a chance to develop a flavor. We're eating eight-week-old infants. This causes other problems besides taste because the birds grow too fast for their muscles. They fall down and can't get up and then everything starts to happen to them. Genetic selection for better leg strength is the answer. The main gain we get from eating these young birds is that it's a cheaper product. Chicken is still the best buy on the market."

Dr. Robert Baker is the head of the Food Science Department at Cornell. For 20 years, he has been creative in poultry research, and I had been told by a USDA official that Baker's work with chicken had made him "known and respected world-wide." A large and middle-aged man, Dr. Baker, like Ostrander, is seldom far from his pipe. By the time I got to see him, it was getting late and Baker was ready to leave his office. We spoke as he drove me in his pick-up to a farmhouse near his own farm outside Ithaca. Without prompting, Baker began to talk about his work. "We've done a lot of research with the chicken," he said, "and I think we have all the bugs out of it now. In the sixties, the poultry industry was in pretty bad shape. Eggs were selling below cost. So was meat. It was terrible. It was due to a lack of convenience. The consumer today doesn't want to buy a carcass, she wants to buy a convenience. So we developed 38 convenience poultry products and marketed 23 of them."

The products Baker helped develop and market were chicken burgers; chicken sticks (Cayuga Frozen Chicken Sticks); chicken bologna (Chickalona); Western Egg; chicken chunk roll(Chunkalona); liquid eggs (Jiffi eggs, in a carton); Frozen French Toast; chicken chi-



Not-so-golden egg: Dr. Charles Ostrander of Cornell's Poultry Research Laboratory will admit, if prodded, that today's bird is "bland"

li; egg pies; cold cuts; chicken cutlets; chicken hash; chicken sausage (Cayuga Chic-A-Links); egg rolls; chicken salami; smoked chicken; TREN ("A Pleasant Combination of Fresh Apple Juice and Farm Fresh Whole Eggs"—"It doesn't sound too good," Baker told me, "but if you can get people to try it, it's OK"); Bake and Serve Chicken Loaf; chicken franks ("People," Baker said, "had a tremendous psychological barrier to chicken hot dogs. But they got over that pretty fast"); pickled eggs; One-Day Eggs; Hi-Pro Cookies; and Catskill Egg Omelet. "Convenience foods with chicken," Baker said, "are just starting."

Because so many of these new products contain eggs, I was curious about Baker's opinion on the cholesterol question. "Everybody's down on cholesterol now," he said. "We could change the cholesterol count in the chicken a little if we wanted to. But then the bird wouldn't perform as well. If you lower the fat content, you're going to lower the protein. It all adds up to a hundred."

I wondered if the new methods of growing chickens had changed them nutritionally in any significant way. "Not much research has gone into this," Baker said. "If a vitamin has been lost, you could easily find it and put it back in. But you wouldn't get much recognition for that." And the taste, I asked? "We don't hear those complaints about taste much anymore," Baker said. "Remember, we as humans change our taste. The younger generation *prefers* these younger, more tender birds, regardless of whether they're tasty or not."

At first, Baker had seemed a little uncomfortable being interviewed. But as we rode across snow-covered upstate New York, he began to loosen up, to tell me about his family, about the cost of educating his six children and about his solution: the invention and marketing of "Bob Baker's Bar-B-Que Chicken and Cornell Sauce," a successful product in the Ithaca area. He was smoking his pipe and looking out over the fields, when he said that a few backyard flocks, with only eight or ten chickens, were starting to reappear around the countryside. "I'd kind of like to do that myself," he said. "Get up in the morning and go out and feed a few chickens. You know, you like to hear them crow. My dad used to keep chickens, not for meat or eggs, but for their beauty. Chickens were his hobby. And those poultry shows were a tremendous thing. We used to rig up our own little incubators and heat the eggs with a light bulb. We'd hatch them and have 50 chicks running around the yard. That was fun."

The following morning, I visited C.B. Hering's farm just outside Genoa, New York. Hering is a tall, aging man, with dark hair and a lined, intelligent face. He graduated from the agricultural school at Cornell and has farmed ever since.

"I been in chickens all my life," he said, as we walked from his house to a long, metal building out back. The building, which resembled a hangar, was enclosed. Inside, it was clean and ill-lighted. It held 30,000 hens. There were eight rows of cages, stacked three high, and each row was 215 feet long. Each cage held five birds and sat at an angle so that laid eggs would roll forward onto conveyor belts. The angle of the cage was also such that the birds would defecate, not on those below, but onto a metal plate, from which the feces would fall into a pit far below. In the pit, the manure was dried by fans and the fumes were shot out of the henhouse as exhaust. The place smelled fine to me. Hering said that the manure would eventually be used as fertilizer for his corn, which he feeds to his chickens.

All Hering's facilities were automated, run by "time switches, time fuses, magnetic starters and all kinds of other stuff." His chicken feed—a mixture of soybean meal, alfalfa meal and molasses to settle the dust—was fed into the henhouse from a large capsule out-

side. The feed troughs never stopped moving in front of the hens, and the hens rarely stopped bending over to peck at the passing meal. When the feed level in the troughs would get too low, this would trigger a large auger. Every few minutes, the auger would roar and begin grinding more grain for the troughs. The auger sounded like a gargantuan popcorn popper, making metal popcorn. The birds seemed inured to the racket. Here, as at Cornell, clucking was absent, replaced by something like rising and falling murmurs. Looking down the rows, I could see countless chicken heads protruding from cages, but I could see inside only a few of the wire boxes. In these, there was usually one bird who had gotten turned around in her cage and had, apparently, just given up. In the back-to-back batteries of cages, this hen would frequently be sitting face-to-face with a similarly situated bird across the way. As I was observing this, Hering told me that these chickens had been born in Indiana and sent to his farm at five months of age. He said that they would lay for a year or, at most, two—a chicken's lifespan is 20 years—and then be shipped either to Campbell Soup Co. in Baltimore or used as pet food.

Hering's building was well-insulated but had no heating system. The chicken is a hot-blooded animal, with a body temperature of 107 degrees. Each bird gives off between 50 and 55 Btu an hour. In Hering's henhouse, 1.5 million Btu were being generated every hour. "That's a pretty big furnace," he told me. "We've been able to keep it at 65 to 70 degrees in here all winter, and you know what January was like. Zero and below."

Good ventilation is critical to a chicken. The bird requires four times more air than a human. When the air in a henhouse starts to stagnate, the birds begin to suffocate. A chicken has no sweat glands, and if the temperature in a henhouse reaches 90 degrees, it will suffer. At 100 degrees, it will die. One of the features of Hering's farm was an automatic alarm system that rings if anything goes wrong. At a nearby hen farm, not long ago, the ventilating system stopped, setting off an alarm in the owner's kitchen. The alarm should have told the owner to flip another switch, substituting the back-up power supply. But the woman was out sitting by her swimming pool and never heard the alarm. Two hours later, 30,000 chickens were dead.

At another farm in upstate New York, the parents left their son home alone to tend the chickens for a day. The boy had one chore: to turn off the feed switch. He turned off the ventilating system instead, and his parents came home to a henhouse full of corpses.

As Hering and I were viewing his operation in motion, he said the birds were laying an average of 240 eggs apiece each year. "Watch this," he said, walking over to the wall and turning a light switch. Conveyor belts below the moving food troughs began to move. White eggs soon spotted these brown belts, which passed into another room beyond our view. We walked into this room where the eggs were being mechanically arranged on cardboard trays. From here, the eggs—untouched by humans—would be put in boxes and sent off to wholesalers. "There's a lot of advantages to this conveyor belt system," Hering said. "The chicken doesn't sit on the egg at all. It's kept away from the hen and her manure and this is definitely more sanitary than it used to be. I'm very conscious of making a food product here."

We went back to where the birds were and I began looking at them again. They seemed subdued and absolutely uniform in paleness of color, shape, sound and, for the most part, behavior. Hering saw me watching them. "How do those chickens look to you?" he said. "Not too unhappy? The measure of what you can do to an animal is in what you can get out of it. If there was too much wrong with this, we couldn't get this production. Birds treated this way produce as much as those raised on the floor. So it must be OK. It's economic this way and this business is all competitive. You got to get big and you got to get machinery. This mechanization throws people out of work, but the system works and that's the only test. The only danger is that you can become more of a mechanic than a farmer. You're dealing with livestock and you can't forget that. You've got to keep that hen healthy and happy so she produces. You can do *anything* with a chicken. If you do it right, she'll live and lay. If you do it wrong, she'll die. A lot of people in the business don't know this. It's got to be done within parameters. If you get them too hot or cold, they'll die. If you crowd them too much, they'll die. If you don't give them feed or water, they'll die. I think these birds here are pretty happy. And 90 percent production is high."

"If there was too much wrong with this, we couldn't get this production. Birds treated this way produce as much as those raised on the floor. So it must be OK"

Hering's investment in the birds alone is $60,000. His equipment is worth $180,000, and he said that start-up costs were another $100,000. "Moneywise," he said, "I've been called stupid to get into this. I'm 62. Most people my age are thinking more about retiring than getting into the chicken business. But I don't feel like quitting. I took all the money I could get and borrowed some more and went back to it. If it all holds together for another ten years, then I can think about retiring. I like the business. Done it my whole life. I like chickens."

The first thing one notices about Salisbury, Maryland, is how flat the land is. Salisbury is the major city on what is known locally as the Delmarva Peninsula, an arm of land between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean made up of parts of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. Delmarva was once to broiler raising and processing what Cornell is to poultry research and development. The modern broiler industry began on Delmarva and for years it led the country in production. The area is still important but much of the industry has moved further south, to Georgia, Arkansas and even Mexico, in search of cheaper labor. Much, but not all: the second thing one notices in Salisbury is the proliferation of "Perdue" signs, Perdue cars and trucks and Perdue feed mills, farms, breeder houses and hatcheries. Frank Perdue is thriving, with a $40–50 million operation and an annual growth rate of 17 percent over the past five years. As his promotional literature says, "Build a Better Chicken and the World Will. . . ."

Perdue markets several kinds of birds, including the Rock Cornish Hen and the older, bigger roaster (or "Oven Stuffer"), but he is best-known for his specially bred strain of broiler, which he claims to be superior to all other broilers. In his extensive advertising campaigns, Perdue boasts that his chickens live in a "house that's just chicken heaven," and says, "If you want to start eating as good as my chickens, take a tip from me . . . Eat my chickens." One of the advertising posters seen throughout Perdue's plant in Salisbury shows three, pure white, beautifully built chickens, with napkins round their necks, sitting down to dine by candlelight over fine chi-

High Tar No Longer Essential To Taste.

Tests prove low tar MERIT delivers flavor of higher tar cigarettes.

For years, it seemed the only way to get *real* taste from a cigarette was to smoke a high tar brand.

High tar cigarettes had an "exclusive" on taste.

Today, all the standards are changing because of a new taste breakthrough called 'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco.

MERIT is packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. *Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke and proven to deliver flavor way out of proportion to tar.*

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LOW TAR–'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Test Data Conclusive

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes. Thousands of smokers were involved.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

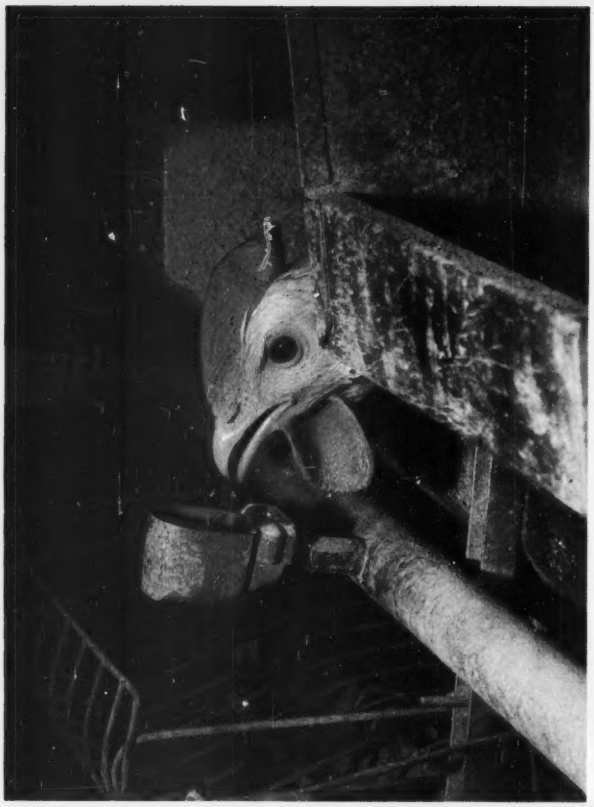
'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. A real challenge to high tar cigarettes.

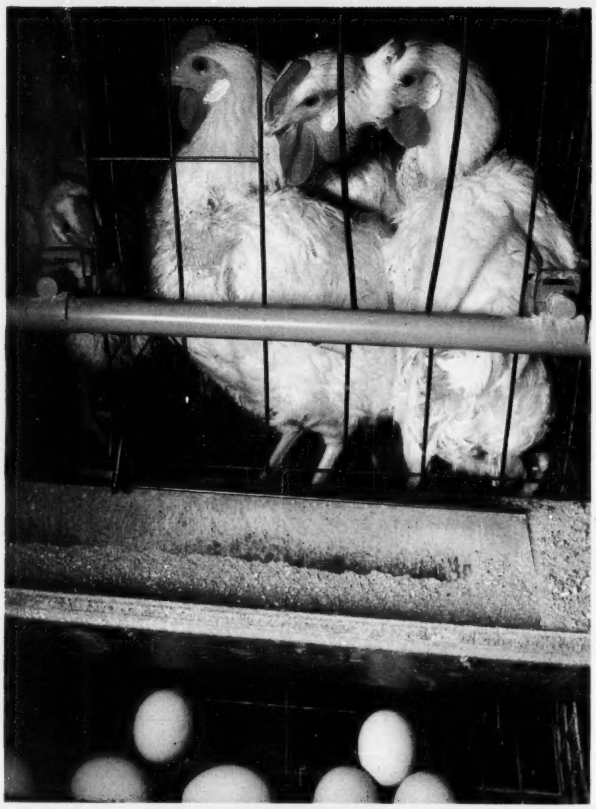
And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's





Critical mass: Researchers found that chickens will continue to lay even if crowded five to a cage

na and white wine. On each plate is a small mound of yellow meal. Another poster says, "If your husband is a breast or leg man, ask for my chicken parts."

Each week, 2.25 million Perdue chicks hatch. After one day in the hatchery, the birds are farmed out to local growers. They are immediately put on the Perdue diet: dehydrated marigold petals, corn, soybean meal, bluegrass pellets and fish meal or meat meal, which is ground-up poultry. To make them yellow, they also get doses of the cosmetic xanthophyll. On their tenth day, they are debeaked and vaccinated for Newcastle's disease and bronchitis. For three weeks, 25,000 birds are raised in one-third of an enclosed metal house, on a little over 5,000 square feet. Growers once put warm, pot-bellied stoves in these houses as surrogate mothers. Now they just keep the humidity at a level that leaves water on the surface of paper in ten seconds. The chicks spend their early days huddled together, looking like patches of shag carpet spread over a floor of wood chips, shavings and sawdust. At three weeks, they get more space, and at five weeks, they get the whole house, or 15,000 square feet. Their feeding and watering are automated. Occasionally, the grower will have to go inside the house and spread water to settle the dust, which at times makes the air no more than translucent. By seven to eight weeks, the birds weigh about four pounds and are ready for "processing."

Perdue processes 300,000 chickens each day. Chickens are quiet in the dark, so men come before dawn to catch them by their legs. They are stuffed into wooden crates and driven to plants in either Salisbury, Accomac, Virginia, or Lewiston, North Carolina. The head of personnel, Walton Layfield, showed me the plant in Salisbury. Magnets pick the crates off the trucks and place them on conveyor belts leading into the factory. Workers, all black men at this point, stand in the near dark and grab the chickens from the crates. Because of the low lighting, all one can see of this process are yellow hard hats, lighted cigarettes and chickens going up through the air and being bound, upside down, in steel shackles that move overhead. The shackles go by fast and the men must keep pace: a chicken must be in each shackle. The sound of conveyor belts, magnets, crates and shackles is deafening. The birds hang limp and mostly silent. As they go through the air their heads are dragged through an electrified solution that is supposed to stun them. They then move into a room where a rotating bicycle tire holds their backs and shoulders in place while their necks are fit tightly between two metal bars. They are steered into a blade that slits their throats. The blade kills five birds a second, 16,000 an hour. Not all the birds are killed by this blade. A black man, holding a knife and wearing a bloody, white smock and cap, stands on the other side of the blade and kills those birds that have survived. The entire plant has a stench that is slightly heightened here. The smell must be a mixture of fresh blood and stale urine. The birds' blood drops into a vat and the birds, still in shackles, move out of the room, their heads attached but dangling.

Watching this process of slaughter was mystifying. It looked like a macabre, curiously static ballet. An endless line of upside-down chickens entered the room alive through a hole in one wall and left dead through a hole in another wall. It all seemed not only completely surreal but, more disturbing, there was no evidence that people, beyond the black man with the knife—one more machine—had anything to do with what was happening.

Next, the birds are scalded and plucked by a machine with round, rubber fingers. Steam is everywhere here and the roar of metal and water incessant. The birds then move through flames that

1984? In this experiment, droppings are aerated in water and recycled into the birds' drinking cups

remove any remaining hairs. A machine cuts off their heads and feet and the naked birds pass in front of another line of standing workers: almost all of them black women, young, middle-aged and aging. Each person has a different job and a knife. Wherever people are working here, bloody, foul water runs by in troughs near their feet. One woman cuts off the chicken's oil gland. Another slits open the bird's back. The next woman widens the opening. The next reaches inside the bird and jerks out its viscera. Liver, gizzard, neck and heart are separated. A man holds a "lung gun," which sucks out the lung of the bird. Women down the line are either "liver trimmers" or "gizzard trimmers." The liver, gizzard, heart and neck are cut up and deftly wrapped together and stuffed back inside the chicken. Two women at the line's end do nothing but tag a small "Perdue" sticker on each carcass.

During dressing, USDA inspectors stand on line and check the birds. (Perdue claims that his own inspectors are better than the government's. He says that his people can look for 48 quality specifications in the 75 minutes the bird is in the processing plant.) The federal inspectors have a few seconds in which to examine, by sight, smell and touch, each chicken for tumors, breast blisters, fecal contamination, feathers, lung tissue, male sex organs and other unsanitary or diseased parts.

After dressing, the birds are plunged into ice water for 30 minutes. They are then graded, sorted, packed in ice and put back into crates. These are set on conveyor belts that take them to Perdue trucks. The chickens are ready for delivery. On each crate are the words, "Any Squawks? Call Perdue 1-800-638-0381."

On one wall of Frank Perdue's office in Salisbury hangs a photograph of Perdue and Spiro Agnew standing together on the court in their tennis togs. On the floor is a picture of Perdue with Jimmy Carter. In person, Perdue, with his longish, gray hair, appears much more sophisticated and soft-spoken than he does on television.

When Perdue and I began talking, I was surprised by his willingness to criticize the broiler industry. He said that some of the producers—he mentioned no names—tended to overscald their birds, thereby removing the epidermis and causing much of the flavor to be lost. Other companies, he said, cut economic corners in the chicken diet, lowering the birds' meatiness and nutritional value. Still others go in for cheap methods of packaging, which shorten the chickens' prime shelf-life on the supermarket counter. And still others prepackage their chickens by freezing them at their plants, a procedure Perdue is adamantly opposed to. Freezing chickens, according to him, costs the bird soluble protein and some of its natural juices; also, the bones turn black and the meat falls off. Finally, he did say, "Several other companies besides us produce a quality chicken. But there are far more that don't than do."

"Are *you*," I asked him, "making a better bird than was around 40 years ago?"

"Oh, God yes," he said. "Our nutritionists believe that you are what you eat, and my chickens eat better than anybody's. They are better fed now than they ever were. Their diet is computerized. We've done a fantastic job of making a meatier bird with a broader breast. We've got the broadest-breasted chicken in the business. We've got a $300,000 genetics research farm down in the Pocomoke Forest working on this. I have my own geneticists and my own gene pool. Nobody can touch my gene pool. We're trying to make a bird that's desirable in the eyes of the consumer, a bird with appeal, with meat, with good color. People will buy a yellow chicken before they will a pale, white one."

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"Does this new bird taste as good as the old one?"

He took a long while to answer and, at first, spoke slowly. "There may be something to the cliche—I'm not sure what that word means—that the old bird who ran around and ate bugs and looked up trees was a better-tasting bird. There may be something to that. It took 16 weeks to grow that bird. I think I've been influenced in my thinking by our 'Oven Stuffer.' This 13-week-old bird has a better taste. So I'm not sure. Those older birds couldn't have tasted more tender. And people say our birds are cleaner than chickens used to be." He paused and seemed to be thinking about what he had been saying. Then he looked right at me and said, "How would you compare the old and new bird anyway? What are you going to do? Go back to the old methods? If the women want to pay a dollar twenty-five for chicken instead of sixty-five cents for *taste*. . . . This just isn't going to come to pass. She just won't want it. This fast-grown bird has resulted in great advantages for the consumer. Chicken is still a delicacy in many parts of the world. The industry is doing a *fantastic* job for the consumer."

That night I ate part of one of the Perdue chickens that were being served at the motel where I was staying in Salisbury. My dinner, listed as "Southern Fried Chicken," had a crust a quarter of an inch thick, flavored with salt and pepper and possibly another seasoning or two. The crust was tasty, and the meat itself tender and fairly moist. But it had the texture of mush. No discernible flavor came from the meat, either as I bit into it, chewed it, or let it linger in my mouth. Nothing reverberated on the palate. It wasn't at all unpleasant, just tasteless, and it passed through more or less unnoticed.

Concerns about today's chickens, of course, reach beyond matters of taste. While consumer savings in dollars and cents are impressive, less immediate costs in terms of nutrition and health call into question the marvels of agribusiness.

Over the years, a number of debatable drugs have been fed to chickens to expedite growth and lower cost-per-pound ratios. The most notorious of these was diethylstilbestrol (DES). In *Sowing the Wind*, Harrison Wellford, one of the five original Nader's Raiders, wrote, "DES is the only chemical widely used as an animal drug for which there is strong evidence that it causes cancer in *both* animals and man." DES causes adenocarcinoma, a rare cancer of the vagina. It also upsets human hormone balance. Farmers who have breathed DES dust in chicken feed have grown small, femalelike breasts and showed symptoms of sterility. DES pellets used to be inserted into the necks of chickens. For awhile, one unsuspecting New York City restaurant employee regularly made a supper of leftover chicken necks. He stopped when his breasts grew large, firm and round.

"We used to add DES to chickens," Robert Baker had told me earlier in Ithaca, "but it's been declared illegal now. We manipulated the male with DES, a female hormone, in order to give him more fat. If you ate a thousand pounds of chicken a day, DES might affect you. As a matter of fact, if you ate most of the things we eat 50 times over, it would do you in. If you ate 5 times the salt, it would knock you on your fanny.

"Now the government is down on nitrites. In very high quantities, these are supposedly carcinogenic. We're taking turkey thighs that don't sell too well and turning them into ham thighs. We have to use nitrites to give them color."

"The people who push this product are in a business. Most of them *know* this is not how to raise a chicken, but they're still in a business. It's a whole system. Rush, rush, rush. Make a buck"

Almost every broiler in America is fed antibiotics—for disease prevention and cure and for growth—from birth to death. People eating these chickens consume not the actual antibiotic but antibiotic residue. If the chicken has been given, say, penicillin—only one of the many medications currently used— the penicillin will be broken down into penicilloic acid and other compounds while in the gut of the chicken. This acid is then absorbed into the meat tissue of the animal. A person buys, cooks and eats the chicken. Those parts of the drug that survive cooking are known as thermal degradations. The human stomach is normally full of bacilli called coliform organisms. The thermal degradations we eat in chicken don't kill or affect the growth of these organisms. But they do cause antibiotic-resistant coliforms to develop in the gut of a person. In other words, the human stomach develops resistance to penicillin and possibly to other antibiotics.

I had spoken about the effects of antibiotics in chicken feed with Dr. Stanley Katz, a professor in the Department of Microbiology and Biochemistry at Rutgers University. Dr. Katz has been working in antibiotic residue research for the past 18 years. "We know very little," he said, "about what these residues are or what their biological significance is, or could be. Everybody, in the back of his mind, says, 'Well, we really don't know what happens here and it would be nice to know but. . . .' Interest in any area is proportional to the available dollars. I think that this research is gaining in importance but it hasn't yet become a cause célèbre. It should. Simply because of the whole question of what this is doing to us."

There is yet another danger in the modern chicken—the possibly cancerous effects of stress and crowding on the bird. Most chickens carry the virus of avian cancer in their blood, though it is estimated that only 2 percent grow malignant tumors from it. Even so, cancer in chickens—called Marek's disease—has already cost the industry greatly. In 1969, 37 million chickens had to be exterminated because of it. In 1971, a doctor in Michigan discovered a vaccine for Marek's disease and the problem now seems more under control. But it is generally believed that the disease itself is related to the crowded conditions under which chickens are raised. "Anytime you stress an animal," says Dr. Katz, "you're increasing its susceptibility to all types of disease."

Shortly after visiting with Frank Perdue, I traveled to Washington, D.C., to interview Dr. George Mountney of the United States Department of Agriculture about various problems with modern chicken farming. Mountney, author of *Poultry Products Technology* and a research management specialist in poultry science at the USDA ("Anything to do with chickens comes across my desk," he says), took a direct but sanguine view of Marek's disease. "There's a very definite connection," he conceded, "between stress and Marek's disease. In fact, this is the whole name of the game in management today—to modify the stress, so that chickens can use all their energy for production. Our geneticists are trying to make birds that can withstand the stress and go ahead and be productive. When you crowd these birds, you're going to get dominance problems, picking, emotional stress, that sort of thing, just like with people. So the name of the game is be able to get more chick-

Life cycle: Each week at Perdue 2.5 million chickens are hatched; each day over 300,000 birds are slaughtered on the assembly line

ens in less housing. We're producing a different kind of chicken now, one with different characteristics. We're always trying to improve the bird."

Mountney and I talked about another controversial aspect of agribusiness chicken farming—the increasingly popular technique of "deboning" poultry. Deboning is a misnomer. In this process, the whole chicken is ground up by machine, and the end product, an extrusion containing cartilege, flesh, connective tissue and bone, is used in chicken burgers, hot dogs and baloney. I had earlier talked with Rodney Leonard, executive director of the Community Nutrition Institute in Washington, about deboned poultry. Leonard is against the industry's method of marketing these products, because he believes there is a substantial gap between what the public perceives they're buying and what they *are* buying. Studies, Leonard said, have shown that the protein vitalization value of chicken is significantly lowered by mechanically deboning the bird. "Our traditional definition," he told me, "said that when bone was in meat, the meat was adulterated, and the only reason for this adulteration was economic fraud. The very least that we need now is a different labeling system. Deboned poultry should be marked and assigned a definite economic value that is lower than meat tissue."

Dr. Mountney had told me that the department was now spending annually about $30 million on 3,000 chicken research projects. It was funding, among others, Robert Baker of Cornell, creator of products using deboned poultry meat. Did Mountney think deboning a good idea, or one that needed regulating?

"I'd like to give a plug for it," he said. "We have a world food shortage, and if you want to save the world, you'd better look to the chicken. This shortage is indirectly seen in the U.S. in the higher prices we pay for food. There are two ways to attack this problem: by producing more or making more with what we've got. The quickest way is the second. And deboned poultry is one way to do this. The big advantage is that it sells for 29 or 30 cents a pound for pure meat, or almost pure meat. You can sure get a competitive product this way. When deboning is properly carried out, the meat is of high quality, is 'wholesome,' which means fit for human consumption. Deboning is already done under USDA regulations."

I left Washington with one unfulfilled curiosity concerning the chicken: I wanted to taste an old-fashioned bird. It seemed likely that the farmers' markets in Pennsylvania would be selling home-grown chickens. But I soon learned that the federal government, for reasons of sanitation, had begun requiring Pennsylvania farmers to pay an exorbitant health-inspection fee for the right to raise and sell chickens. Most farmers' markets nowadays, I was told, are offering chickens purchased from "people like Frank Perdue."

After searching, I was lucky enough to find Bob Hofstetter, a short, bearded, bespectacled man who lives with his wife Katherine and their two children on a 60-acre farm in southeastern Pennsylvania. He works at the Rodale Organic Farm in Kutztown and, as a hobby, raises antiquated breeds of poultry,which he exhibits at state and county fairs. At his farm, he showed me his prize-winning beauties: the Redcap, a large, strutting, chestnut-colored bird with a rose comb and a half-moon red lacing on each feather; the Golden Cantine, with gold neck hackles and black barring; the Silver Cantine, all silver except for black barring; the White Bel-

gian, small and snow white with a heavy beard and muff; and the Quail Belgian, with a chamois-colored breast, chestnut hackles and a rose comb. The Quail Belgian walks with its wings down, almost dragging, and its chest straight out. "It's a very stately little thing," Hofstetter said.

Hofstetter and his family eat eggs from these chickens and, occasionally, one of the culled chickens. I asked Hofstetter if he thought there was any difference between supermarket and organically grown eggs. "I don't remember the last store-bought egg I ate," he said. "But when you eat an egg from a bird that's been pastured, that's eaten greens and scraps, the yolk has a definite flavor. It's bright orange and you can taste it."

For our evening meal, Hofstetter butchered a five-month-old Redcap not good enough for show. Katherine, a quiet, attractive woman with a ruddy complexion, roasted the bird. The children, Robby and Susan, joined us for a chicken dinner, with mashed potatoes, sweet corn, asparagus and broccoli, all from last year's garden. The chicken had the texture of meat: firm and not mushy, chewy and yet tender, juicy but not watery—it was light red instead of the color of chalk. The flavor was not at all harsh; rather, it slowly revealed itself as sweet and subtle and made a distinct, enjoyable impression.

During dinner Hofstetter said, "If you eat something that's raised properly, it will taste properly. If it is grown in an ecologically sound environment, it will also be good for you. If you think about it, it just stands to reason. I forbid my wife to buy chicken in the store. I've had supermarket chickens that were slimy, mealy and tasteless. The meat hasn't had a chance to muscle up. It's just flabbiness. The people who push this product are in a business. Most of them *know* this is not how to raise a chicken, but they're still in a business. It's all a matter of time, and they don't have time. It's a whole system. Rush, rush, rush. Make a buck."

Bob Hofstetter, like his barnyard birds, is probably a vanishing breed. The great majority of people who work with chickens today are still searching for ways, not to preserve the original animal, but to change, modify, "improve" it. The USDA's Mountney, for one, optimistically predicts more efficiency, streamlining and cleanliness ahead. As he recently wrote in a trade journal, "Broilers will be produced in cages by an assembly line automated system . . . and marketed at seven weeks of age in the same cage they started out in as baby chicks. Such birds will be under human surveillance 24 hours a day by employees who will wear sterile clothes and be required to shower before going to work in the house."

This may sound futuristic indeed, but it is not as advanced as the thinking at International Flavors and Fragrances (IFF) in New York. Chemists there have figured out a way to eliminate the chicken, while supposedly preserving its taste. They have already come up with chicken flavor, made of chemicals, which is marketed for soups, gravies, rices and bouillon. Now they are working on chicken analogs—that is, "chickens" made from soy. You take soybean or soy flour and work it, mixing in other ingredients, until it takes on a meatlike texture. Then add IFF's chicken flavor. Because chicken is so reasonably priced, these analogs are not yet widely marketed, but the chicken analog does seem to have a future. "In those areas where it's really an inconvenience to use a chicken," says Dr. Ira Katz of Research and Development at IFF, "you'll use a chicken analog instead. Say you want a chicken sandwich. You'll just slice the analog like a salami. There won't be any bone. You'll cut it, put it on bread, and have an *analog* chicken sandwich." ●

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Movies

You and me (or is it just me?) against the world

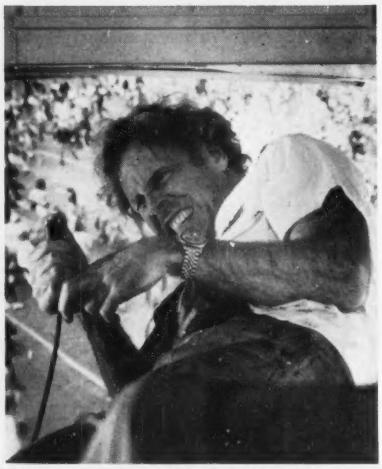
By Richard Corliss

An obscure Muslim sect holds 147 people hostage to demonstrate their opposition to the American premiere of *Mohammad, Messenger of God*. Shortly after seeing *Roots*, a man terrorizes a group of unmarried women as a means of tracing the location of his son. According to a survivor of the plane collision at Tenerife, the moment the nose of the KLM jet penetrated the Pan Am cabin, and the cabin burst into flames, was like "something out of a disaster movie."

One way or another, the movies are still influencing the things people do and the way people see things. Cause-and-effect arguments are dangerous; misinterpreted, they can fuel the demands of the benighted for censorship of the popular arts. But it wouldn't be surprising to learn that the Hanafis saw themselves as a small band of good guys against an engulfing Establishment, and that the American public saw them as only slightly twisted versions of the heroes of last year's most popular movies. Will they turn up, delicately fictionalized, in their own movie next year, with Omar Sharif as Hamaas Abdul Khaalis? It wouldn't be the sharpest U-turn in the history of American sympathies. This Easter, one movie straightforwardly glorifies an outfit of World War II German paratroopers who try to assassinate Winston Churchill. Even here, the arithmetic of viewer identification is simple: if the odds are against the protagonist, we're for him.

The three top-grossing films of 1976 all exploited the uphill struggle of one or two righteous men against the minions of an evil, faceless organization (psychiatric sadism in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, executive activism in *All the President's Men*, creeping Satanism in *The Omen*). It's a familiar enough dramatic conflict, but here it elicits the viewer's paranoia as much as the hero's resilience. The wily loners in *Cuckoo's Nest* and *The Omen* are finally defeated by the forces of bureaucracy and darkness. If, in *President's Men*, the heroes win, it's partly because they too have a powerful organization backing them; the *Washington Post* is not exactly *Osowatomie*. Besides, the well-known facts of Watergate obliged director Alan Pakula to end his film with a triumphant fanfare for the First Amendment. Without that constraint, Pakula might well have produced a paranoid fantasy about a reporter who was killed searching for the malignant truth behind a government conspiracy—which was the scenario for Pakula's previous film, *The Parallax View*.

Now, this Easter (a season commemorating history's most notorious political murder), a trio of big-budget films toy with the mechanics of assassination, and lavish some sympathy on the assassins themselves. All three are based on the kind of page-turning, schlocky novels read mostly by people on transcontinental bus trips, and have been turned into the kind of time-wasting, unobjectionable movies best seen on transcontinental plane trips. It's the very disposability of such stories that makes the moguls think of them as blockbuster material, and that keeps them from actually becoming blockbusters. The "what if" school of pulp novels usually makes for "so what" movies. And with moviegoing now an event instead of a habit, most people want to spend their $30 evening on something more memorable than last week's TV movie. The producer of an assassination film may think he's touching a national mood, but he's 20 years too late to touch the national wallet.



Off course: Dern tries to detonate the Bowl-bound blimp

But if seeing a movie doesn't mean you'll miss next month's rent—and if you still go out to see *a* movie rather than *the* movie—you could do worse than **The Eagle Has Landed.** It stars Michael Caine as a good German (in this film the phrase is used without irony) and Donald Sutherland as an Irish separatist who hates England so much he'll conspire with the Nazis to kill Churchill. Since we know the plot wasn't successful, we must derive a fairly special and limited pleasure from seeing how close the assassins will come to their target, and what tricks the filmmakers will play to make us suspend our knowledge of the outcome. I will say only that, in a way, Caine & Co. come very close indeed, and that director John Sturges and his large company of actors play their tricks with no-frills finesse. *The Eagle Has Landed* is a movie even an auteurist could watch without ever thinking of its director, and that is to Sturges' credit. When your Coupe de Ville is purring nicely under you, you don't think of the men on the Cadillac assembly line.

How Robert Evans, the producer of **Black Sunday,** must have hoped for Gerald Ford's election last November! The target of Black September's deadly blimp is an Orange Bowlful of pro football fans, very much including the President of the United States. But Jimmy Carter, whose enthusiasms run more to Giuseppe Verdi than to Mean Joe Greene, became president—an event that nudged *Black Sunday* out of the ever-possible present and into the unlikely future. Nor is Carter's presence at the Super Bowl the most preposterous assumption the movie makes. We're to believe that a brilliant Palestinian terrorist (Marthe Keller) would record a post-assassination message to the American people two months *before* the carnage is to take place; that an intelligent intelligence agent would take an elevator ride with his back turned to a woman he knows will try to murder him—which she does; that no one at the Goodyear blimpie base would notice their pilot's absence until game time, when his

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homicidal replacement (Bruce Dern) shows up; and that our hero (Robert Shaw), realizing the blimp's course, wouldn't radio ahead to have the stadium cleared of potential victims.

The filmmakers involved have all worked on superior spy thrillers before (Evans on *Marathon Man*, director John Frankenheimer on *The Manchurian Candidate*, screenwriter Ernest Lehman on *North by Northwest*), but they seem to have lost the knack this time around. The film's tone veers from lax to hysterical, and is summarized by the performance of Bruce Dern as yet another deranged Vietnam veteran. Dern's character shouldn't be allowed at the wheel of a bumper car, let alone a Goodyear blimp. With a lot of help from his colleagues, Dern steers the movie off-course, and it winds up in the ditch of unfulfilled expectations.

When you see Bruce Dern launch into one of his Actor's School frenzies, you want to give him a Quaalude. When you see one of the middle-aged losers Gene Hackman has been playing for so long, you think he might benefit from a weekend of est. Hackman is our working-class Sisyphus; his characters never stop trying, and never ever learn. His face is marked with the memory of repeated failures, and with the doggedness of a man determined not to fail again. So he brings a gritty believability to his roles—even to one as doomed as the San Quentin con sprung from jail to assassinate a big-deal politico in **The Domino Principle.** Again, the course of events has overtaken a movie. Richard Nixon was president when Adam Kennedy wrote his novel about a plot to kill the Chief Executive as he takes a stroll on the grounds of his southern California compound. But Nixon fell, and producer-director Stanley Kramer chose to make Hackman's target a nameless west coast hotshot. (Jerry Brown? Ray Kroc? Bob Evans?)

Hackman and Richard Widmark struggle manfully to bring some immediacy and resonance to the film, but against odds greater than those faced by the characters they play. For one thing, Kramer's direction is mired in lethargy and gooey romance—he actually films a love scene from behind colored vases! For another, Candice Bergen plays Hackman's wife. Bergen is an attractive, intelligent woman who should have succeeded Barbara Walters on the *Today* show instead of continuing her movie career. She's never been a convincing actress, and here she's supposed to be a plain, lower-class housewife. All the Joanne Woodward wigs in the world won't make Candy Bergen look like a frump; and all the acting lessons won't make her an acceptable performer.

There's an ambivalence in the paranoia these movies exploit, because we sympathize with the king-killers almost as much as we do with their moving targets. Why? Because they're there: we tend to look for, and to find, some recognizable humanity in the human beings a movie concentrates on. It would seem that we can believe in a conspiratorial Them only as long as it doesn't turn into an individual He, with an individual's own fears and desires. Perhaps the only genuine monster left is the computer: our servant and master, our brilliant superego with the potential of becoming an uncontrollable id. One such computer—named Proteus, for the mythological creature who changed shape at will and devoured all in his path—is the malevolent power in **Demon Seed,** an enjoyable and frightening new movie starring Julie Christie. The film blends two Gothic genres: the virgin-birth horror story, with a helpless young woman coerced into bearing a superhuman but not-quite-human offspring, and the old-dark-house plot, with a helpless young woman terrorized by unspeakable forces.

This time around, the cross-breeding works—though I'd have preferred the heroine to be a scheming fighter (as Lindsay Wagner was on a recent *Bionic Woman* episode with pretty much the same plot) instead of a screaming victim. But Christie does make a fetching-kvetching victim, with a residue of spunk. And the special effects are, for once, really something special, notably a large metal tetrahedron that can turn into a deadly weapon at the computer's will. I'd advise you to see *Demon Seed*—if you can find it. You may need to be an archaeologist, since United Artists, the film's distributor, has already buried it. It's enough to make you downright paranoid.

Music

Playin' to beat the band

By Frank Conroy

Charles Mingus is one of the few surviving seminal figures of modern jazz from the group in Harlem in the late thirties and forties that created the new music. A wunderkind in the time of Charlie Parker and Art Tatum (he played with both), he is now a bona fide grand old man, universally admired and respected for his virtuosity on the double-bass, and perhaps even more for his composing and arranging.

From the start Mingus has exerted a steady pressure on the limits of jazz, and the music has changed because of him. John Handy, Jaki Byard, Charles McPherson, Bunky Green, Wynton Kelly, Bill Evans and Thad Jones all played with him. In fact, almost all the avant-garde figures in the fifties and sixties were Mingus' spiritual children. It was because of the solid, steady advance of Mingus that new territories opened up for players as disparate as Ted Curson, Eric Dolphy and Roland Kirk—all of whom played with Mingus when they were young.

A common mistake, and one to which the man's occasionally pressurized rhetoric has contributed, has been to take Mingus for a radical—a radical musically speaking. He is an innovator, a dedicated experimentalist, and certainly the hippest of the hip of the avant-garde, but his music always honors and loves the forms from the past upon which it is based with as much fervor as the forms it discovers. He doesn't hide in futurism—he attempts to stand astride the whole music, and move it forward. He had been, through many long years, wonderfully successful in that ambition.

Mingus was in New York recently, playing at Art D'Lugoff's huge subterranean showplace, the Village Gate. His latest band is a classic quintet of rhythm section, tenor sax and trumpet. The core of the group is Mingus and Dannie Richmond, his favorite

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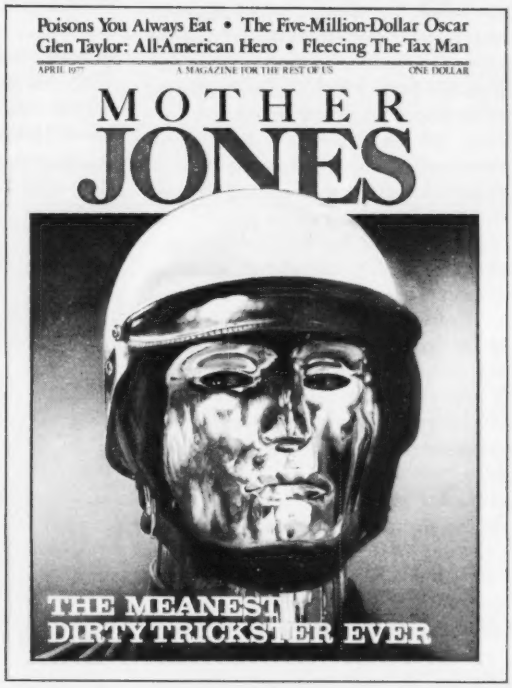

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drummer, with whom he has played, on and off, for 20 years. These two men have a very close understanding of each other's sense of time and phrasing, and the pulse they lay down is the backbone from which the ensemble music is hung. The other players are very young—Ricky Ford from Boston on tenor sax, Jack Walrath on trumpet and the fine pianist Bob Neloms.

It was a rainy Friday night, and a crowd of perhaps 400 young jazz lovers sat listening to Jill McManus' all-girl sextet, the Jazz Sisters. (Terrific trombone, good rhythm section, weak trumpet and tenor sax.) The Sisters went off to warm applause and everyone waited for Mingus, who had yet to play his first set. He came out quickly enough, lumbering up onto the stage toward his bass, which looked suddenly small (Mingus is a heavy man).

Mingus has always been interested in the group sound, in the attempt to get a bunch of men playing as one. He is the best leader I've ever heard, demanding that his brilliant arrangements be clearly articulated, while at the same time leaving plenty of room for individual statements. When it comes to interweaving and offsetting written music with improvised music, no one can touch Mingus. More than any other leader, he seems to understand the relationship between the two sides, the way they can be used to strengthen each other. Many bands play an arranged head, pass around the solos, repeat the head with a variation and go out. A lot of terrific jazz has been done that way, but Mingus tries for more. He writes in such a way that the solos seem to blend with the notated parts. He manages to create moods or statements of sufficient strength to somehow shelter all of the players in a nonrestrictive embrace. (If I were to choose a poem to be read aloud before a Mingus set it would be Frost's "Silken Tent.") That particular quality was, happily, very much in evidence with this newest of a long line of Mingus bands.

The execution, on the other hand, left something to be desired. One of the most obvious characteristics of Mingus' charts is their exploration of abrupt, dramatic changes of mood. They are always going somewhere, pervaded with motion and energy: crescendos are followed by half-time passages, lyrical parts suddenly collide with a change in time signature. From section to section the music is hot, cool, witty, gentle, funky, in a continuous stream of controlled effects, and it isn't easy to play. Mingus' young sidemen are fine musicians (Ricky Ford on tenor is particularly impressive), but they were not quite up to the demanding task on this particular Friday. The transitions, which must be both smooth and instantaneous to work to best effect, were occasionally a bit ragged. (A couple of players even got turned around in one set, mistaking beats one and three for beats two and four—easy to do when so much is happening.) Dannie Richmond, who can play wonderful drums when things are going right, was much too loud, and played nervously; I found myself wishing Joe Chambers, a much more musical drummer with whom Mingus has occasionally worked, were on the stand instead. With his keener ear, he might have helped pull things together. Mingus himself played well.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN GRAHAM

Mingus: A dedicated experimentalist with a love for forms of the past

Voice effects and vocal statement-response riffs seem to intrigue Mingus, and he uses them well in tunes like "Shortnin' Bread," where they add a certain playful mood. One doesn't know quite what to make of some of his titles, however. "Oh Lord, No More Swastikas" was one tune. Or, after a dedication to the first (sic) Russian revolution, he announced that he would play "Remember Rockefeller at Attica," which turned out, oddly enough, to be a happy, up tune, with some light, witty touches. Perhaps it doesn't matter what the name of a tune is, and yet it seems strange that Mingus' titles so often bear no discernable relation to the feeling of the music.

After work Mingus left, with a small retinue of friends and musicians, and crossed the Village over to Bradley's, a small bar favored by players. There he relaxed and listened to various pianists (Mingus is a fine piano player himself, but he didn't sit in). Mingus has had a tumultuous life, including a period of emotional upheaval in the sixties during which his aggressiveness caused many people, including this writer, to give him a wide berth. He was a walking bomb in those days, entirely unpredictable, capable of tantrums of anger (destroying his own bass at the Five Spot, or throwing me off the stand at the Half Note) and moments of great generosity (getting up from his dinner to sit in with me one night at Casey's when my bass player was late, and not remembering the scene at the Half Note), and one never knew what to expect. An old friend of his explained, "He took too much on himself." Sometime in the mid-sixties Mingus gave up playing in public altogether for a couple of years. When he returned, he appeared to be a much happier man, and his playing was better than ever. (His recent records show this: *Changes One* and *Changes Two* [Atlantic], for instance, display a tremendous variety of mood and texture.)

Mingus has a special sound on the bass—a rather light, delicate touch with the emphasis on a kind of brightness and bounciness one rarely hears from that instrument. His strength lies in the perfect delivery of every note he plays, his artful sense of structure and his phrasing. A particularly musical player, he supports the group with the liveliness and the energy of his lines rather than with volume or repetition.

In retrospect, Mingus' [illegible]n sounds almost accidental, although of course it was inevitable. He'd done a gig at the Village Gate and a concert at Carnegie Hall, but most club owners were still leery of the performer. Then, one evening, the owner of a small club was having a drink at the Village Vanguard with Max, the owner/manager of that famous jazz spot. Max was complaining that Pharaoh Sanders couldn't get back from Canada in time to do his gig. "What am I going to do this late?" Max asked. "A whole week open, and everybody's on the road. Who do I get?" The other club owner knew that Mingus, after years of violent behavior, had begun to pull himself together. "Why don't you get Mingus?" he suggested. Max stood up, looked around the room, and raised his hands in the air. "What's the matter. Don't you like the way the place looks now?" But he hired Mingus, who filled the club and was off to the races once more.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★★ **Love Rustler,** *Delbert McClinton* (ABC). A vital anachronism in this era of prefab roots, Delbert McClinton plays vintage rock that preserves the music's spontaneous fire. While the range of his repertoire recalls fellow Texan Doug Sahm, and his voice occasionally evokes Boz Scaggs, McClinton, unlike either, has the natural moves (and limits) of a musician who has never left home—home in this case being Ft. Worth, where McClinton came up plying honky tonks with a polyglot brand of southern pop. His experience shows. Whether interpreting ballads, rockabilly, blues or country weepers—and McClinton himself has composed tunes in each genre—he sings with unforced authority.

On his third ABC album, the material ranges from Jimmie Rodgers' "In the Jailhouse Now" to a couple of new rockers from Dennis Linde, who wrote "Burning Love" for Elvis; best of all, *Love Rustler* for the first time presents McClinton's sandy voice with all its expressive force intact.

The unique thing about McClinton, though, is the man's *style*: just consider his version of Bobby Bland's "Turn on Your Love Light," a song of inspired simplicity that bar bands invariably molest. But economy is something that Delbert McClinton knows all about; and "Love Light" provides one more instance of his understated artistry.

★★★ **Don Cherry** (A&M Horizon); ★★★ **Jubilant Power,** *Ted Curson & Company* (Inner City); ★★★ **Mel Lewis and Friends** (A&M Horizon). For his first solo venture in several years, Don Cherry has added an electronic dimension to his ongoing "third world" fusion of improvisational forms from Africa, Asia and America. Replete with wah-wah bass and ethereal vocal chants, "Brown Rice" comes on like "Soul Makossa" for Balinese spacemen; yet Cherry's essential conception remains undiluted on all four of the compositions comprising this unusually accessible album. In a similarly surprising departure, Ted Curson, a veteran of vanguard jazz groups from the early sixties, turns in a set of quasiorthodox neobop; although side two of *Jubilant Power* sounds mildly enervated, side one, cut live in Philly, sizzles throughout. Last but not least, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard reminds us of his ingenuity in the company of drummer Mel Lewis, bassist Ron Carter and pianist Hank Jones; liberated from the tedium of disco-funk riffs, Hubbard solos thoughtfully on charts supplied, in part, by fellow trumpeter Thad Jones.

Books

The rogue quality of care

By Geoffrey Wolff

Haywire, *by Brooke Hayward.* Knopf (325 pp., $10.)

In a single display of good taste during my adolescence I hung a pin-up of Brooke Hayward above my headboard, where a crucifix might hang in the bedroom of a nicer boy. Miss Hayward was captured on the cover of *Life* with a smile at once warm and sardonic, quite perfect teeth, bare ears and shoulders, worldly wrinkles beneath her eyes. The year was 1952 and she was 15; the year and our age were all we shared, but so well had I come to know Miss Hayward in two dimensions and black and white that I came to her story as to something long in my life.

The *Life* cover seemed to shove Miss Hayward's good luck down the world's craw. Any fool could see she was beautiful, and that she was bright, and that her clothes fit. Okay: she also lived in Greenwich, and there were servants in evidence. Her mother was an actress, Margaret Sullavan, also smart and beautiful, and conspicuously talented as well. Miss Hayward had siblings, one of each sex and both younger: perfect. She took her name from Leland Hayward, the man Margaret Sullavan married after she divorced Henry Fonda. Leland Hayward was a Hollywood agent whose clients included Greta Garbo, Fred Astaire (who was said to have taken his stylish manners from him), Gregory Peck, Ernest Hemingway, Judy Garland, Lillian Hellman, you get the point? He was also a producer: *Mr. Roberts, A Bell for Adano,* you get the point.

By the time Miss Hayward was immortalized by *Life* her mother and father were divorced, and if an admirer looked sharp, and took account of the crow's-feet of experience carved beneath her dark eyes, he might deduce that even in Eden the plumbing sometimes acts up, and the roof leaks, and sweet fruit ripens before its time, and goes high, and is lost.

It is no doubt a Romantic perversion to conclude that people pay double for beauty, and triple for good luck, but so it seems, and so this personal history seems to argue. Leland Hayward died at 68, in great pain after suffering several strokes and internal bleeding. He was the lucky one. Miss Hayward's mother probably killed herself in a hotel room in New Haven, where she was trying out a play she had come to despise. She had been repudiated by her two younger children. Of these the youngest, Bill, drifted through private schools till he came to rest at 16 as a prisoner of Menninger's psychiatric clinic; there he stayed for two years. His sister Bridget, a great beauty and greater trial to her family, at 21 killed herself in New York the same year her mother died, 1960. She had for a long time been a patient at Austin Riggs, a mental hospital in Massachusetts, and was an epileptic.

At the time Miss Hayward's mother and sister died, she was herself divorced, and a good friend suggested that she either open the window and jump—get the job done for once and all—or not. For once and all not jump. Here she is, then, and her book is a redeeming document, carefully made, carefully and charitably judged (with a couple of rare lapses into malice), and instructive. Toward the end of her book she remarks that "I had begun to have the disquieting concept of myself as a spectator, not a participant, in my own life," and she does keep a spectator's distance from the turmoils of her own mature history.

But this self-distancing reflex is in fact a malign product of benign luck, the hobble of reticence born of the virtue of good manners. Miss Hayward's father told his children he would for-

give them anything if they did it with good manners, but his son Bill believed that such insistence on good manners, a repudiation of anger for example, drove him mad. Much was demanded of these beautiful children of beautiful parents: "It was expected that all conversation be entertaining, lively, all-encompassing, and, insofar as possible, conducted with decorum." "'Children should be seen and not heard,' was the doctrine around our house, 'but if they are heard, it better be good and interesting.'"

So Bridget retired into murderous silences, punishing this person or that, but principally her mother. Deep grievances were perversely nurtured, and Bridget developed an "insane need for privacy." This was itself a neurotic distortion of her mother's hatred for everything touching Hollywood: theatricality, transient associations, mutability. Margaret Sullavan never in her life watched herself in any of the dozens of movies she made, or even in rushes. Her will was invincible, and she willed for her family what was not possible, an abnormally normal life. She insisted upon privacy, and made herself famous. She insisted upon commonplace virtues, and insisted that they be maintained against a current of conformity. She did not wish her children spoiled in school, so she had them privately tutored. Only on stage did her will triumph over her circumstances: at 44 she played a 23-year-old heroine, *Sabrina*: Miss Hayward is both astute and properly awed in her analysis of this bravura theatrical illusion.

Her father, five times married (and twice to the same woman), "the Toscanini of the telephone," was no less willful, but considerably less complex. He was a gentleman but also a dealer, and Margaret Sullavan labored to govern him, and failed. He was impatient with stupidity, despised silence and serenity, had no use for babies but loved his children when they began to speak in full sentences. Air was his element: he loved to fly and to move things quickly from place to place and to change whatever was at rest. Excess was his signature: he owned hundreds of pairs of shoes, hundreds of shirts.

His charm was legendary, and the most beautiful women of his age were attracted to him. He was married last to Pamela Churchill, now the wife of Averell Harriman. (Miss Hayward's distaste for her stepmother is her single indulgence in malice, though an occasional descent to petty snobberies about beehive hairdos and tacky manners also marginally disfigures her book.) His previous wife was Nancy "Slim" Hawks, an extraordinary beauty, and when he divorced Miss Hayward's mother to marry her, Miss Hayward's life divided utterly and forever into two sections, Before and After: "By comparison, my more recent history had, for me, the remote impact of photographs or postcards shown in the wake of a stunning event witnessed firsthand. Either I couldn't see as clearly or some quality was missing, gone forever."

By contrast, her book sharpens and deepens as it moves forward. Miss Hayward, an astute judge of her history and her character, can at the same time know how much she loved her brother and sister and understand that their lives were discrete, that "our care had a rogue quality." She is fair, and she is shrewd. Her first chapter strives too much for a coolness of tone, a detachment out of keeping with the story of her sister's suicide and her mother's, and it alienated me. But even alienated, I could sense a writer under great pressure, with sufficient courage and stamina to break through conventions of reserve. She never tells much about herself or her brother as adults: she was married to Dennis Hopper, and her brother produced *Easy Rider* with Peter Fonda; the Haywards and Fondas were closest friends, and still are. But by the time she tells in the last chapter of her father's death she is a grown-up indeed, and a grown-up writer with resources of language and timing and sentiment that would do anyone honor: "He sighed and turned away from our voices. 'I'm tired of waiting.' Then he spoke very softly and as if he were miles away. 'There's a clock in my head. It never stops ticking, but the hands don't move. Why does it take so long to die?'"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SWOPE

Hayward: Breaking through reserve

Several reviewers have concluded from this unhappy story that Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan, like Tom and Daisy Buchanan, "smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their vast carelessness . . . and let other people clean up the mess they had made. . . ." Miss Hayward sometimes seems to suggest as much; it is not remarkable that born to her circumstances—surrounded by such ease and beauty and money—she should regard herself as the tragic victim of a Gatsbyesque unraveling.

But careless is the last word I would use to describe Margaret Sullavan. She took painful pains, kept her eye on every act her children performed, indeed regarded herself as a critic, moral and aesthetic, of every performance she witnessed. Yet "there was, on her part, a hunger for simplicity, a great romantic notion of living a simple life, as opposed to what other people thought of as romantic, which was living in Hollywood. She felt it was imperative to shield us from the consequences of her career . . . because to her they represented life at its most dangerous—that is, unreal, illusory."

Leland Hayward, at least in his treatment of his son, may perhaps be charged with carelessness. It is not made clear by this narrative what exactly provoked him to send Bill Hayward to Menninger's. Miss Hayward implies that her brother was merely lazy and impish in school, and a trial at home to his father, with whom he had chosen to live. She writes that it was "fashionable" in those days to send children to such places "if you didn't have the time but did have the money." If her brother was indeed sent there heedlessly, then the act displays monstrous carelessness, but more evidence is required to lead a fair reader to such a judgment.

In sum there are no exemplary lessons to be learned from this history. All witnesses attest to this member of the family or that as "unique," and indeed they seem so, as would we all were our singular stories told with the precision and discrimination that Miss Hayward manages. But where there are no precepts there is no intrinsic utility to such a story as Miss Hayward's. At one level such a story satisfies no more than a reader's appetite for gossip and glamour, and no doubt this book will be read by many merely to satisfy such appetites. At a higher level it may be read for its narrative power, and its shapeliness. For this reader that is a level high enough.

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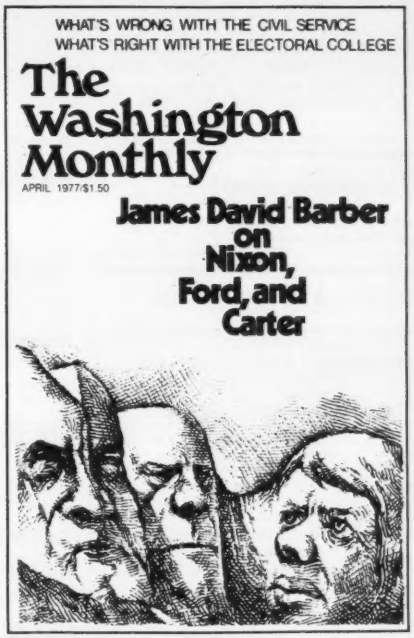
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Final Tribute

Diner: last exit/By Steve Lohr

The Crystal Tea Room is in trouble.

The Crystal, in Johnson City, New York, is the archetypal diner: black glass tables, upholstered wooden booths, ceramic tile, stainless steel coffee urns, ceiling fans, mirror-covered walls. Beneath the glass top of the cashier's counter are snapshots of all the local high school kids who have waited on the tables and washed the dishes. In short, it's an Edward Hopper dream.

Yet business at the Crystal has been slipping. Tony Tona has been working 15 hours a day, making everything served at the Crystal these past 50 years: pies, puddings, pasta and just plain burgers. And now he finds himself serving up more salt-free dishes to blue-haired patrons and fewer blue plate specials to the kids. "Look around," he laments. "It's mostly old people who are my regulars now. The kids, they go to McDonalds."

Jeff Beeden, manager of the Ocean Bay Diner, agrees. It used to be, on hot summer days, lines of Jersey shore-goers would stretch out the OB's door and wrap around the stainless steel facade, spilling onto the blacktop of the parking lot. That was before McDonalds and Burger King came to Pt. Pleasant. Now, such lines materialize only on the Fourth of July—if at all.

Still, the Crystal and the OB are lucky. They've survived. Others weren't so lucky. With their rattling pans and hollered-out orders, they just couldn't compete with the bland efficiency of the fast-food franchises; the aggressive friendliness of the diners' middle-aged waitresses, with their sagging stockings and hennaed hair, proved too much for a public used to the curt manners and disinterested smiles of Ray Kroc's minions. And so these diners dot the roadside, converted into pet stores or porno shops or simply abandoned, waiting to be razed for some parking lot or new shopping mall.

Robert Kullman and his father and his father's father have, each in his own time, been in the business of manufacturing diners. But the diners of today, with brick facades and neo-Grecian pillars and marble-mirrored cocktail lounges, bear little resemblance to the streamlined stainless steel models of the late thirties. The Kullmans no longer make those gleaming wonders. There's no call for them. "Those were different times," Kullman says.

He's right. The concept of the diner, with a single grill and a few stools, was perfect for those penny-pinching days: a would-be restaurateur with big dreams and a small purse could buy a bit of land and have a diner delivered (sometimes complete with cutlery and dishes) and erected, perhaps in a single day. By the mid-forties, the shiny eateries had become an institution—America's greasy spoon equivalent to Paris' cafes. A friend of mine remembers passing many of his high school days at Chuck's in Rupert, Idaho: "Wes and Syd and John and I would skip second period, jump in Syd's old 1956 Ford and race down to Chuck's on Highway 24. . . . Food? Heck, I could do up as good a breakfast myself. But miss the morning seminar? Never!" This ritual occurred all over the country: Preston Jones wrote of just such a place, the Dixie Dinette, in the mythical west Texas town of Bradleyville, as did Sherwood Anderson in *Return to Winesburg*. Beat writer Jack Kerouac frequented diners as he careened across the country.

Good, simple food was what the diner was all about, and it still is. Sure the menu is limited (and often misspelled); some of the entrees can be downright ghastly. But just as often, a diner will serve at least one dish that's a delight—and a local legend. Like the OB Diner's clam chowder. Or Josie's green chili in Santa Fe. Or Garvey's blackberry pie in Stockton, California. The buffalo meat burgers at Elmo Brevinton's place in Garfield, Colorado, are fabled, as is the Crystal's rice pudding.

Good food, though, isn't enough, and the diner is fast becoming a museum piece, a bit of nostalgia: John Baeder, a New York painter, has scoured the country, tracking down diners and recording them on canvas (see illustration). And some of his friends have bought the Empire Diner, a 1943 original, and polished it into a stylized Manhattan cafe where the candlelight dinners often begin with Lillet and end with chocolate silk pie. ●

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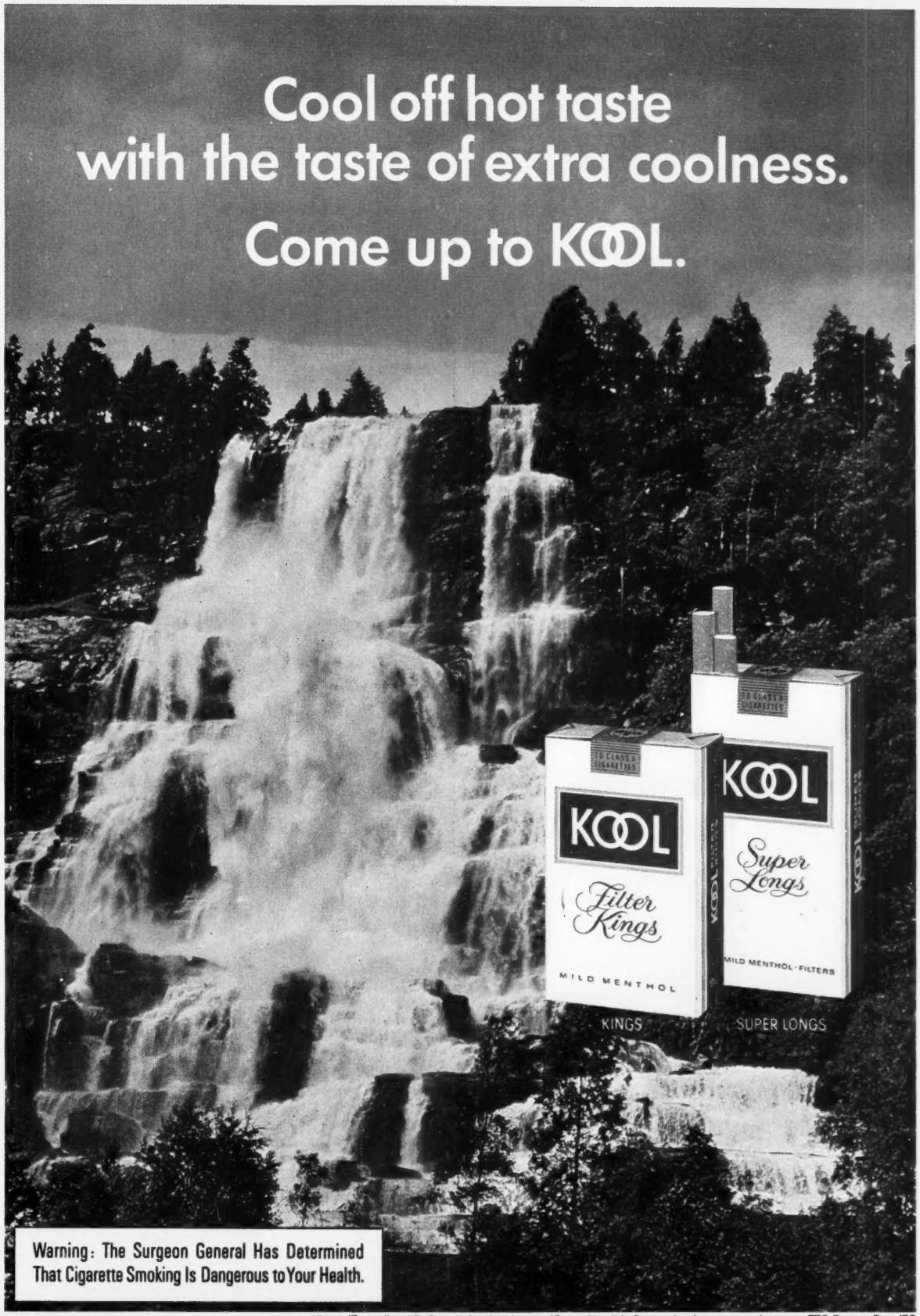

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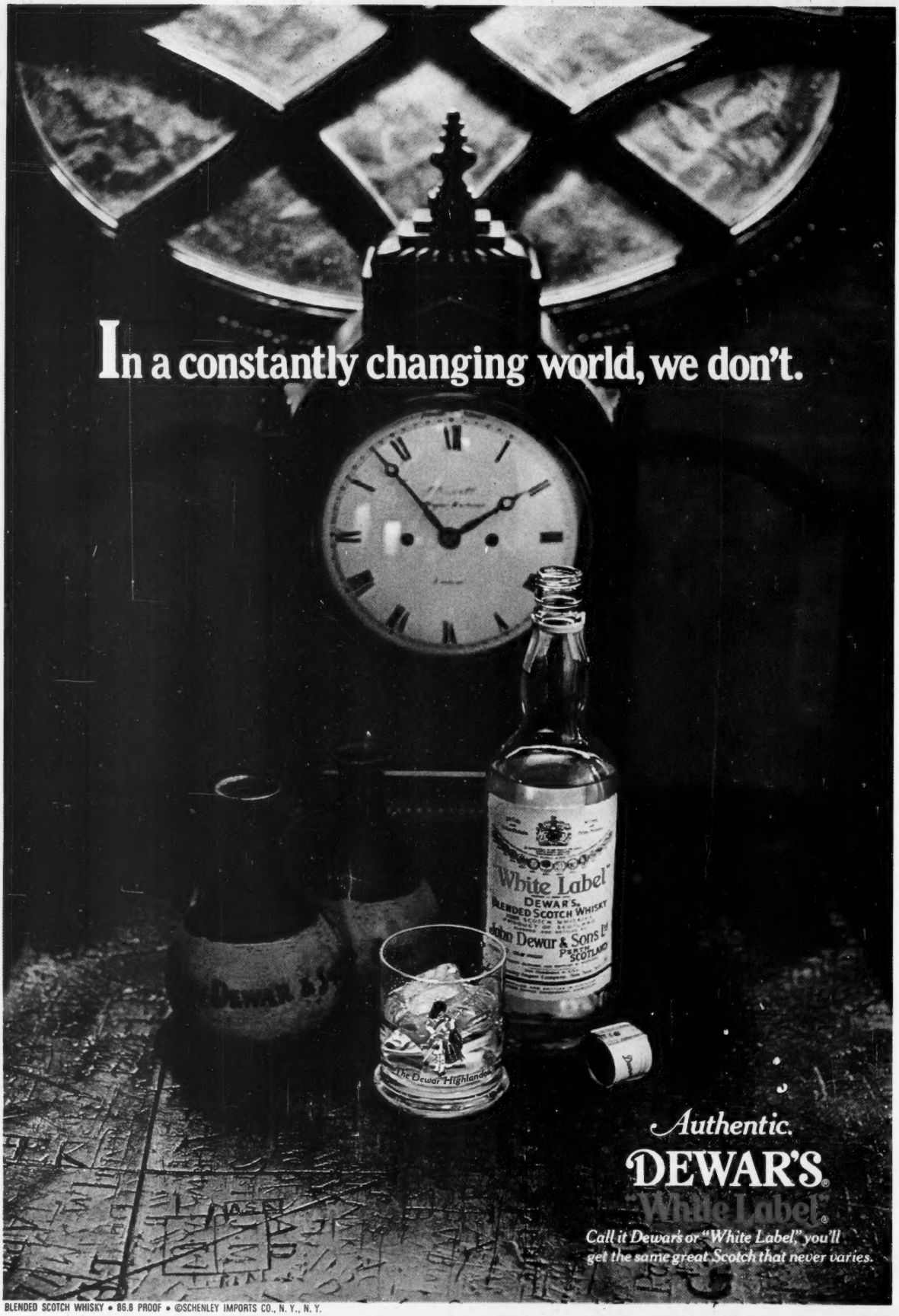

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